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THE POET'S OFFERING.

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THE

POET'S OFFERING.

BY A

BOSTON AMATEUR POET.

The Good, the Beautiful, and the True, I love and worship.



BOSTON :

GEORGE W. LIGHT, 1 CORNHILL.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following Poems are the humble productions of one “unknown to fame,” and, with a few exceptions, were never before published. The author does not ask for them unqualified praise; that they have faults, no one can be more fully sensible than himself. They were for the most part written during hours of relaxation from the severer studies of academical and professional life; and had their origin in a desire to cherish and strengthen in the community, and in his own breast, a love of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True, as displayed in the works of Art, of Philosophy, Nature and Divine Revelation. Should they tend in any degree to give to these subjects the importance they deserve to hold in public estimation, and aid in establishing a higher,

purer, and more spiritual æsthetic culture, the object of their publication will be answered. Should they fail of this end, the writer will still have the satisfaction of knowing that it is to be attributed rather to his inability, than to any lack of power in Poetry and Literature, to enlarge and ennoble the understanding and heart.

J. P.

BOSTON, Nov. 4, 1841.

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DEVOTIONAL PIECES.

ADDRESS TO DEITY.

I.

O THOU Omnipotent, Omniscient POWER,
Pervading nature through her vast extent;
Heard in the thunder's terrifying roar,
Sublimely glorious where heaven's bow is bent ;
Holding in thy right hand the morning stars,
Binding the universe with bands of love,
Presiding o'er earth's elemental wars,
And bidding all things in strict order move ;
Successive day and night alike thy goodness prove.

II.

Centre and source of thought, of life and light,
Fount, origin and bond of human ties,
Veiled, yet forever present to the sight

Of him who holds communion with the skies ;
We need not ask Philosophy to show
 What are thy attributes, in part or whole ;
He who thy hidden mysteries would know,
 Will find an answer in the human soul—
Thine image written there, within his own control.

III.

Before the steadfast hills, O Lord ! wert thou ;
 Thou didst the mountains in a balance weigh,
Ere did the rivers to the ocean flow,
 Or hailed the gladdened earth the king of day.
Thou didst upheave their summits from the plain,
 Calling forth all their rich and varied store ;
The harvest sheaves of yellow waving grain,
 The virgin mines of yellow golden ore,
And costly gems and pearls that deck the ocean's
 shore.

IV.

Through the chaotic void thou didst proclaim,
 'Let there be light :'—forthwith in beauty sprung,
Myriads of worlds, whose burning orbs of flame,
 O'er realms of space their kindling radiance flung.

Forthwith the sun and moon arose and set,
And all the multitude of cheerful fires,
Like diamonds on a princely coronet,
That stud the firmament when day expires,
And hues that streak the east when gloomy night
retires.

V.

Thou madest man a sovereign and a king,
And breathed into his frame the quickening breath ;
Gave his immortal spirit power to spring
O'er the abyss of misery and death ;
Crowned him with sense and reason like a God,
And robes of purity, thou badest him wear ;
But he forsook his innocent abode,
And sought forbidden mysteries to share ;
And thence came all our grief and all our wasting
care.

VI.

Time past and future is at thy control ;
Thou hast life's brittle threads at thy command ;
E'en as a fleeting dream their greatest whole,
Or like a trace that's left upon the sand ;

Here on the ocean shore of boundless thought,
While thus in verse my feeble powers I try,
I hear the winds with requiem music fraught,
And roar of death-like surges rushing by,
Bearing me onward to Eternity.

VII.

The solemn wood is a fit type of Thee,
In its lone greatness, silent, awful, dark ;
Its sombre shades, its murmuring leafy sea,
Its aged trunks, with moss-grown shaggy bark ;
O'erhanging cliffs, deep caverns, hollow caves,
Sounding beneath the hunter's cautious tread ;
Swift headlong rivers, whose impetuous waves
Dash wildly o'er their shallow pebbly bed—
And broad expanding lakes, by living fountains fed.

VIII.

Ruler of Armies ! when the sulphurous smoke
Curls dun and murky in the darkened air,
And death-gasps thicken, and the sabre's stroke
Falls bright and gleaming through the crimsoned
hair—

When the last prayer for aid ascends on high,
And the glazed eyeball turns to heaven its sight,
Then art thou, with thy soothing presence, nigh,
To cheer the spirit in its upward flight,
And bless the *patriot* soul, who dies for *Freedom's*
right.

IX.

To THEE our *fathers* in their struggle called,
And thou didst lend a gracious, listening ear,
And freed their necks, with tyrant bondage thralled,
And bade them lift their heads and cast off fear ;
Then, like Minerva's fabled birth of old,
Forth sprang a nation perfect at its birth ;
Mature in wisdom, and in virtue bold,
Her patriot sons spread widely o'er the earth,
Diffusing heartfelt joy, and generous social mirth.

X.

The voice of Periods past, of Ages flown,
Proclaim Thee still the same unchanging one—
The same sublime, mysterious, great UNKNOWN,
Who hadst beginning, ere Time's course begun.

Man's rare endowments, when to Thee they climb,
And seek to search thy awful *essence* out,
Instead of substance, shadowy phantomis find,
And, lost in error, darkling grope about,
Perplexed in thorny maze, of endless mocking doubt.

XI.

Man's brightest genius to thy standard brought,
Is as a taper to the noontide blaze ;
All his attainments are in value naught,
When on thy perfect purity we gaze.
A *monad* ! mid the immensity of things—
An *atom* ! to the universe compared—
The tiny spangles of an insect's wing,
To the effulgent beams by seraphs shared—
And yet, O sovereign GOD ! thou hast for mortals
cared.

XII.

For *man*—the worm, the rebel, and the clod,
The clay, which thine own forming hands have made ;
The culprit, trembling at thy chastening rod,
And at thy frown submissive and afraid ;

Man—transient as the grass that is cut down,
Or as the shuttle in the weaver's hand,
Or like the chaff before the whirlwind blown,
The brief sojourner in a desert land—
O how can such *desert* before such *presence* stand.

XIII.

Life—*death*—and *fate*—lie at thy footstool bound,
By an inexorable and stern decree ;
Chance does Thee homage, reverent and profound,
And yields to order and necessity.
Law is thine handmaid, ready at thy will
To do thy bidding, neighboring and remote ;
In space thy various purpose to fulfil,
Among the worlds that in thin ether float,
In matter's mightiest mass, and things of smallest
note.

XIV.

Parent of Good !—teach us in all we do,
Thy holy name to glorify and praise ;
So shall thy creatures their Creator know,
And learn the wondrous wisdom of thy ways.

Incarnate Spirit!—Universal Cause!—

However mortals should thine aid implore;
Thy *vastness* bids my faltering muse to pause,

And silent, wonder, worship and adore.

Thou art, Almighty God! and shalt be—evermore!

THE WORSHIP OF DEITY.

I.

MORTAL, be silent! reverence, and adore !
This is the worship HE demands of thee,
Who by one impulse of creating power,
Fills the wide circuit of immensity.
Thou canst not know him—why blaspheme his name
With rites that fill e'en feeble man with shame !

II.

But wouldest thou see the *shadow* of his form,
And hear a transient *echo* of his voice ?
Go forth upon the mountains, when the storm
Has made the nether world its wrathful choice ;
Go forth, and view the wreck of centuries there,
By the pale moonlight, or red lightning's glare.

III.

Write down the history of ceaseless time,
Compare the present with the periods past,
The past with what's to come—the course sublime
Of all-pervading Nature, first and last—
What quickens matter from the lifeless clod,
And binds creation to creation's God.

IV.

What tells the bird of passage, when to fly ;
The Gothland eider, where to build her nest,
The unfledged cygnet, its webbed feet to try,
And plume, with crimson beak, its downy breast ?
What guides and rules and watches over all,
That not a sparrow to the earth may fall.

V.

Employ the research of thy grasping mind,
Compass the spacious earth, the air, the sea,
Reason, Philosophy and Art combined,
And say, who gave thee thy supremacy ?
Who made thy form to differ from the brute,
That feeds unheedful on the summer fruit ?

VI.

Who stored the future harvests in the clouds,
And brings them down in showers of fertile rain ?
Veils the high firmament as with a shroud,
Removes the light, and brings it back again ;
Orders the seasons in their annual march,
And spreads the colors of the rainbow arch ?

VII.

But if these tokens do not quell thy fears,
And thou wouldest have a still more near approach,
Look to the “Man of Sorrows,” through whose tears
Thou hast acquittal in the holy church ;
Look to the dying symbols of his blood,
And view the scourged, the incarnate Son of God.

VIII.

Reason, Philosophy and Art combined,
Hath not a mystery more deep than this ;
The Eternal Father to the *flesh* confined,
And yet a *spirit* in the realms of bliss.
Ruling and ruled, guided and guiding o'er,
Himself the *formed*, himself the *forming* power.

IX.

But these are sophistries of ancient faith—

Subtle imaginings of days gone by ;

Then list to what the heavenly TEACHER saith :

God is *alone* in his supremacy ;

Alone in might, alone in shoreless space,

Alone in wisdom, and alone in grace.

X.

God is alone !—an *ens*—thought—being—name—

An essence, undefined—not understood ;—

A shining light—a never dying flame,

That fills with joy earth's dreary solitudes ;

A comfort to the weary and oppressed—

A hope—a promise of a future rest.

XI.

God is alone—then why distract the mind

With what we *cannot*, what we *should not* know ;

Why spend our lives in useless search to find

The source from whence the springs of being flow .

"Tis truth enough that we've *existence* here,

Without inquiring how, from whence, or where.

XII.

'T is bliss enough to feel the fixed desire,
The constant aim of ever doing good ;
That Faith and Charity our hearts inspire,
And fill our souls with their substantial food.
Then why in waiting for another heaven,
Should we neglect the one so kindly given.

XIII.

'T is wrong, 't is sinful, thus to underrate
The joys vouchsafed to every pious breast ;
Vouchsafed for purposes immaculate,
By Him who governs all things for the best.
Frail mortal !—learn how much thou art in debt,
For mercies thou so often dost forget.

XIV.

Learn from the scaly tenants of the flood,
The shaggy beasts that roam the pathless wild,
The feathered songsters of the shadowy wood,
How much indeed thou art a very child—
How much there is thou dost and canst not know,
How many places where thou canst not go.

XV.

Learn patience, hope, forbearance, all the train
Of godlike virtues, lesser charities—
That when thou quit'st this world of sin and pain,
Thou shalt insure a place above the skies,
Where, from the light afflictions of his rod,
Thy soul shall revel in the smiles of God.

THE GREATNESS OF GOD.

WE speak of olden time, of years gone by,
Of things that now exist only in memory.

But what are *they*, compared with that expanse
Whose limits circle in the shoreless future !
What, compared with that which gave to matter birth,
And gathered up its monad elements,
Ere the first morning woke on this our earth,
And all its beauty, and its order rose !

We speak of boundless power and sovereign might ;
And summon to our aid conflicting nations,
And the fearful shock of devastating war.

E'en what are *they*, compared with that control
Which broke the shrouded deep, and heaped the
mountains up,
Storing the valleys with fertility !

We speak of wisdom, too, and in our shallowness
We think to compass thought, and tell how minds are
made !

E'en what are *they*, when but compared to **HIM**
Who is the Spirit's source, and by whose *fiat*
Lives its wondrous powers, and matchless energies !

O God ! eternal, infinite, sublime ;
Being of beings, Him whom we adore ;
Where is thy dwelling ? In what age of time
Can it be said that thou wast not before ?

O God ! we praise thee—listen to our prayers ;
Help our infirmities, and guide our way :
Thy dwelling is among the morning stars,
In the bright regions of unclouded day.

O God ! we love thee—love what thou hast made,
The varied earth and ever varying sky,
The summer solstice and cold winter's shade,
In quick succession as they hasten by.

O God ! we fear thee :—who can stand thy wrath,
Thy winged tempests and thy lightning's glare,
When from the chambers of the frozen north,
They sweep the earth, and lay the forests bare ?

God—sovereign God ! we call upon thy name,
In the last peril of the dying hour ;
When life is but a breath—a flickering flame,
And the scared spirit looks to Thee for power.
O God ! be with us—be our trust and stay !
And help us through Death's dark and rugged way !

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

BEFORE all time, or space, or light, or life ;
 Before all worlds or planets, star or sun ;
 Before all truth, or thought, with beauty rise,
 I, God—Jehovah—had my course begun ;
 The great I AM—the first, the everlasting One.

Man ! dost thou dare presume to search me out,
 To find my essence, being, spirit, source !
 Know, that in error thou shalt grope about,
 All blindly stumbling on, from bad to worse ;
 And what was meant thy *good*, shall prove thy *curse*.

Man ! in the trial-balance thou hast made,
 Dost thou essay to weigh infinite mind—
 Infinite greatness ?—*shadow of a shade* !
 Thy strength is weakness—thy whole powers com-
 bined,
 Thy boasted Reason's light, but darkness undefined.

Child of the dust, and product of the clay,
Of old, Philosophy was thy support ;
But now her staff is broke—her own dark way
Itself needs Faith to guide her into port—
E'en like a helmless barque, of winds and waves
the sport.

Yet may some tokens of my sovereign will
Be gathered up from Nature's open book ;
My Word with joy the humble soul shall fill,
Whose steadfast eyes upon its pages look ;
And whose unerring steps have Virtue ne'er forsook.

But best in the bright image of my Son
Is a reflection of my presence seen ;
Man! turn thou thither, look !—behold the one
Upon whose lips no guile hath ever been ;
The spotless Lamb of God, who taketh away sin.

Attend—his gospel's lowly doctrines learn ;
With gentle power, like “ Hermon's dew,” they fall ;
Like “ coals of fire ” his living precepts burn—
His words “ drop fatness ;” his inviting call
Is like the o'er-arching heavens, embracing one and
all.

THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

THE world of Spirits—and what is there ?
Who can unfold its awful mysteries ?
Who can the future, or the past declare,
Or whence the springs of being take their rise ?
Can compass heaven's empyrean heights around,
Or paint the scenes with which its courts abound.

Unnumbered ages—who can half conceive
The countless total of that dread amount ?
Yet who but must in Deity believe,
If once creation's wonders they recount ?
Yet who can half creation's wonders tell ?
And who shall fathom to the depths of hell ?

The world of Glory—yes, it doth exist,
And I will gird me for the life to come ;
It is not shrouded in eternal mist,
But shines for all an ever welcome home ;

Shines in that boundless realm of fadeless blue,
Which suns, and stars, and planets, circle through.

Thus spake the Saviour ; thus on Calvary's height
The quaking earth a solemn witness gave ;
When Immortality was brought to light,
And triumphed o'er the darkness of the grave ;
When the first Resurrection morning broke,
And the rapt spirit unto God awoke.

Thus speaks creation—through her varied laws
The hand of Deity distinctly moves ;
Adjusting all things to their proper cause,
And giving each the action that it loves ;
Shining ineffable with wisdom's ray,
To light the trusting pilgrim on his way.

WHAT IS DEATH?

I ASKED Philosophy ; she slowly said,
(Philosophy, the doubting maid,)
Death is the end of life, the severed thread
Of being—sense and motion staid.

Death is the resolution back to earth
Of matter animate, of flesh and bone ;
The state, perhaps, where spirit hath its birth,
Unmixed with clay ; ethereal, and alone.

Death is a darkening shade, eternal sleep ;
A cloud impenetrable to human sight ;
A gulf of stagnant waters, dull and deep—
A narrow cell, impervious to the light.

Death is that arrant cheat, Ambition's goal ;
Those gay deceivers, the Passion's grave ;
The precipice down which man's projects fall,
Joy's ruthless, whelming wave.

Death is the sovereign antidote of care,
The “great physician” of the troubled breast ;
The state where things that were, and things that are,
Alike are merged in one unbroken rest.

Death is a sterile field that yields no fruit—
A boundless prospect o'er a barren waste ;
The forest monarch, dead and dry at root,
Is a fit emblem of the question asked.

I asked Religion—(not the cowl and hood,
Or the hard master gloomy bigots know—
But she with garments washed in Jesus’ blood—
Robes pure and white as snow.)

Death—she replied—death is the gate of bliss ;
The sinner’s loss, the trusting christian’s gain ;
The entrance to another life from this,
Devoid of misery, of blot or stain !

Death is the “crown of light,” the bright reward
That’s promised to the faithful, in that day
When Christ shall count his jewels—comfort shared
By pilgrims, journeying on their toilsome way.

Death is the brighter shining of that star,
Which overhung where the Redeemer laid ;
Hope's consummation, radiant from afar,
Luring to worlds around, and overhead.

Death is the “second birth,” where man anew
Begins to learn the mysteries of his God ;
Begins to look his vast creation through,
And understand the wisdom of his Word.

Death is the “cloud dispersed,” the veil removed,
From the *arcana* of celestial truth ;
The rich fruition of delights beloved—
The joy and freshness of perpetual youth.

Death is the “shadowy vale,” whose terrors past,
We gain the fortress of the “living Rock,”
The cleansing stream, where all our guilt is cast,
The sheltering fold of the Redeemer’s flock.

Death is the *triumph* of that happy band,
Who hourly pour their rapturous note of praise,
And round the throne of the Eternal stand,
And chant the wisdom of his wondrous ways.

THE SOUL'S LIFE AND WORSHIP.

Look, mortal, look!—and cast off slavish fear;
 Light, Life, and Hope, and Beauty, every where!
 Light, Life, and Beauty,—canst thou, soul, distrust
 The Power who gave thee being at the first?

Light—from yon silvery orbs its radiance streams,
 In countless hosts of warm, effulgent beams;
 Glows in the sparkling eye—in gems and flowers,
 In clouds and dew-drops, after summer showers.

Light—in that miracle, the human mind,
 A ray of Deity, with clay combined;
 A particle of truth to error wed;
 The conscience speaking, though the heart be dead.

Light—most desired, yet disregarded most;
 The shining garment of the heavenly host.
 Light—the pure flame o'er boundless space that springs,
 Like the bright flash of burning seraph's wings.

Life—lo, a mystery ! not yet revealed—
Unknown to all, and yet from none concealed ;
Born of the mortal and immortal part,
Its food the breath, its fount the beating heart.

Life—by its Author unto all below,
Designed for good—yet oft the source of wo ;
An hour—a brittle thread—a narrow span,
Comprise, alas, its history in man.

Life—the enjoyment of a virtuous aim—
Unlike in all, and yet in all the same ;
A striving for the beautiful, the good, the free ;
A holier, closer walk with Deity.

Hope—source of comfort when earth's joys are gone,
And the sad heart is desolate and lone ;
Bright beacon-light, beyond death's dark abyss,
To guide the humble penitent to bliss.

Hope—the bright jewel in the Christian's crown,
That shines with radiant lustre all its own ;
Dispels the doubts that crowd around his path,
And shows him glories that the *future* hath.

Hope—without which existence' precious boon
Were but a taper—to expire as soon ;
Were but a shadow passing o'er the sun,
Its journey ended ere 'tis scarce begun.

Beauty—O sovereign Beauty ! at thy shrine
I bow and worship—thou art all divine !
To grasp, to seize thee, in thy ray to live,
All worldly honor would I freely give !

All wealth, all grandeur, mines of golden ore,
And sparkling gems that deck the ocean's shore,
Compared to thee, and in Love's balance weighed,
Are light as air—the “ shadow of a shade.”

Beauty—all, all for thee ! all, all but Truth
Would I exchange for thine unsullied youth !
Thou art my soul's existence—thou its food,
Its guide and monitor in all things good.

THE SOUL'S DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

Divide the spirit from its God—
Life's essence from its source ;
The soul from its divine abode—
What comes from the divorce ?

Ask what would follow, if the light
Of heaven should be withdrawn,
And morning's rosy heralds bright
Be severed from the sun !

Take from earth's wide unnumbered hosts
The staff on which they rest—
Their holy faith and anchored trust,
In the haven of the blest ;

And thence resulting, what would come ?
Of ill what would there be—
To parents, children, wife and home,
How much of injury ?

As close allied art thou, O God,
To man and man's best good,
As is the vine-branch to the sod—
The spirit to the blood—

The river in its onward course,
To the fount from whence it springs—
The sunbeams to the burning source
Of morn's bright imagings.

Then let us own Thee in the storm,
The rainbow and the cloud ;
And bow before thy awful form,
And sound thy honors loud.

“WHO BY SEARCHING CAN FIND OUT
GOD ?”

I'VE been a worshipper from early youth,
But not of common faith and vulgar creed.
The slaves of fear, the dupes of artful men,
Were ever viewed by me with pity and contempt.

But thou, O God ! dost know that I have loved
Thy holy precepts and unsullied truth ;
That I have sought thee, in thy word and works,
And been a votary at Religion's shrine.
Darkness and cloud encompasseth thy form ;
And it availeth nought for man to say,
That he beholds thy mystic godhead clearly.
In himself he sees Wisdom's reflected rays,
And foolishly mistakes proud Reason's light
For the full burning portrait of Divinity.

“Thou, the living God ! wast in the abyss
Of space engendered, and brought forth by Time ?”

Time, and boundless space, and life, thou didst bring forth !

“ Thou hadst beginning with eternity ? ”

Eternity was fashioned out by Thee ;
Its laws enacted, and its bounds prescribed !

“ Change was thy father—waste thy dread compeer ? ”

Change, and ruthless waste, and death obey thy word,
And fly before the storm-wind of thy breath !

“ Numbers date thy years, and mark thy hoary age ;
And geometric *sines*, and algebraic *powers*,
Sum up the total of thy centuries ? ”

Thou wast before their lapse, before the use
Of mathematic lore, before plurality !

“ The stars beheld thy birth, and in full concert
Shouted forth in song thy glorious advent ? ”

They were the baubles of thy infancy ;
Among thy first attempts with the creating wand.

Since then thou hast performed more glorious works ;
In bliss perfected man ; him rescued and restored !

“ Spirits and higher powers existed ere thou wast ? ”

Spirits, angelic choirs, and sovereign powers,
Acknowledge Thee, their Maker and their God !

“ Reason is thy guide, and Law thy counsellor,
In matters deep, of dim and doubtful issue ? ”

Thy word, Omniscient Power ! is Reason’s *self* ;
And sovereign and inexorable Law,
In the beginning thou ordain’st it !

“ Hope, with compassion, lends thee her support ? ”

Consoling Hope ! it has its source in Thee ;
Thou art its origin—its centre—end !

“ Truth was thy prototype—Wisdom, thy compeer ? ”

Unalterable Truth !—’t is but the shadow
Of thy awful form ; and matchless Wisdom,
Least of thy most common attributes !

“Thou dread INCOMPREHENSIBLE! what art Thou?”

Dumb are our faculties before thy name!
A spirit? All our souls and spirits come from Thee.
Thou art their father, guardian, refuge, friend.
A misty shadow? Shadows have their suns,
And thou the sun of nature’s shadow art!

“A shining flame that hath no form, or substance—
Pervades all space—is every where alike?”

Here we are appalled with fading outline, vast—
With thoughts that wander through the abyss of
Time;
While nothing answers from its yawning gulf,
Save the sparse fragments of the wreck of worlds.

Philosophy has tasked her utmost strength,
And strained the eagle vision of her sight,
To find Thee out; and has as oft been foiled.
Men have grown old, in pondering o’er thy word,
In caves, in cloisters, and monastic cells;
In learning lessons of humility,
Through rites austere, and monkish penance rude;

Hoping thereby to expiate their crimes,
And find their way to heaven and to God.
But Thou wast not well pleased, thus to be sought,
And didst not, with approval, show thy face.

The *Pilgrims* sought Thee, 'mid December snows,
On Plymouth rock, in the wild winter wood,
Among still wilder and still fiercer men.
And they beheld but darkly through a glass,
Obscured with doubts and fears. We, in a later age
And clearer sky—but not with perfect light.

We judge of Thee from thy out-goings, vast ;
Wild and majestic in the threatening storm,
The tempest and the flood ; and from the gentler
Teachings of the dewy morn, and zephyr's breath.

We judge of Thee, from matter's varied forms,
In atoms and in mass, organic and inert—
Life with its thousand streams, and cords attenuate.

We judge of Thee, from the mind's wondrous powers,
And the soul's soaring mood, even as displayed
In weak humanity and things of sense.

With Science for our guide, we mount the clouds,
Give bounds to space, and distance to the stars ;
We date the age of planetary worlds,
And mark their times of periodic course ;
And tell to coming years their progress towards decay.

We compass all things on the wings of thought,
And yet we live engrossed with things of earth ;
Feel wants, desires, capacities of gods ;
And yet remain but erring, mortal men.
Thy Son, and Nature's works, declare a God ;
And who, dread Power ! shall question that thou art ?
Veiled in eternal mystery and light,
Who shall presume full knowledge of thy ways ?

THE INFIDEL.

THE Universe without a Father ;
Heaven without a God ;
Man without a Mediator,
Brother to the clod ?
Piteous object !—who shall raise thee
From that woful slough,
Where, in thine own guilt and folly,
Thou art grovelling low ?

Still the wrathful storm-cloud gathers,
Still the tempests howl ;
Visions of the unseen future
Haunt the affrighted soul ;
O'er the abyss of Death suspended
By a single hair ;
Wretched being !—who shall save thee
From perdition there ?

On a crumbling heap of ruins,
Lo ! the mad man stands ;

Like a lone and fainting traveller,
On Arabia's sands ;
Desolation spreads before him,
Shadows round him fly,
Mocking with the form of substance,
His deluded eye.

See ! an orphan child lie mourneth,
No one calls him friend ;
To no kindred heart he turneth,
Hope no comfort lends ;
“God is not :”—there comes no morning
To his spirit's night ;
All his best affections smitten
With an early blight.

Still the eternal storm fierce rages,
Change and death go on ;
No Almighty Father guides it—
No protecting one.
Fool ! whence comes the balm of nature,
Healing every wound ;
Giving to her every feature,
Charms unnumbered round ?

Break the iron bands that bind thee—
Break thy slavish chain ;
Cast thy load of guilt behind thee—
Be a *man* again ;
On the arm of thy Creator,
And on Faith rely ;
Like a seraph bright and lovely,
Thou shalt mount the sky.

Piteous object ! Christ shall raise thee
From that woful slough,
Where, in thine own guilt and folly,
Thou art grovelling low.

THE NEW BIRTH.

I was cold-hearted once, and hated man—
Hated his noblest works, and proudest name ;
For I had learned his empty pride to scan—
His foolish boast of lordly wealth and fame—
And was disgusted—yes ! I rashly swore
Never to love my race, my country more.

I 've been a *Skeptic*, too, and doubted whence
This fair domain, the goodly earth, arose—
How it was fashioned ; to what region hence,
At death, the disembodied spirit upward goes ;
And if from dreamy Hope true comfort ever flows.

Long time I was an *Atheist*, and believed
The soul and body shared one common lot ;
That flocks and pastors were alike deceived,
And all in darkness would be soon forgot ;
That those who looked for life, would find it not.

Again I doubted—and a gleam of light
Broke faintly in on my benighted way ;
Whence comes the soul's aspiring rapturous flight,
If all is doomed to darkness and decay—
And like the things of earth, to pass away ?

It cannot be ! The flame that inward burns,
Will surely brighten in another sphere ;
Heaven's Polar Star, to which the Christian turns,
Will, to the eye of Faith, become more clear ;
And God and Truth will dwell forever near.

Slowly my vision came—and wholly, now,
'The filmy scales have fallen from my eyes ;
The clouds that once were gathered on my brow,
Have sunk in phantoms, never more to rise ;
And this my soul is wedded to the skies.

I feel a newer life, a keener sense
Of all the joys that ravish here below ;
And when I lift my wondering spirit hence,
It strives to burst its clayey tenement, and go
To realms of bliss, where streams of wisdom flow.

Such was the struggle of an ardent mind ;
And such the rapture of its first estate ;
Such was the load of guilt and sin combined,
That preyed upon a heart disconsolate :
I look with horror to that woful slough,
And bless my lot, that I'm a *Christian* now.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

BLESS God, my soul ! O bless his holy name,
 Whose bounteous hand all Nature's wants supplies ;
 Who *was*, and *is*, and will remain the same,
 When earth's consuming flame to heaven shall rise.

He by whose power this earth of old was made,
 And in its wonted course, pursues a mystic round ;
 Whose lightnings rend the murky realms of shade,
 And muttering earthquakes shake the solid ground.

He at whose will the swelling floods subside,
 And raging winds upon their bosoms sleep ;
 Who bids earth's rivers, in a mighty tide,
 Roll their dark waters to the heaving deep.

Who fills all Nature with his boundless love ;
 Supports each leaf and flower that clothes the
 ground ;

Whose power no equal owns, in heaven above,
Or the infinitude of space around.

To Him let all things raise a grateful song ;
Let angels strike their harps of solemn sound,
Till heaven's high concave battlements along,
Shall with one swelling note of praise resound.

CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT.

HE comes—the “Lord’s anointed!”
He comes—“the Prince of Peace!”
By God of old appointed,
The prisoner to release ;
He comes to banish sadness,
On healing wings of love,
And rapturous notes of gladness,
His second advent prove.

He comes—o’er every nation,
His morning glories shine ;
Glad tidings of salvation,
Proclaim his power divine ;
There shall be no more sighing,
And men learn war no more ;
But Truth, on Faith relying,
Shall spread from shore to shore.

To lands of heathen blindness,
He comes to bring the light ;

And with the law of kindness,
To guide the people right ;
O'er Asia's cloud-capped mountains,
O'er Afric's deserts drear,
To pour refreshing fountains,
And dry the falling tear.

He comes—proud *Freedom's* banners,
His glorious march proclaim ;
And children shout hosannas,
And worship in his name ;
He comes—the Gospel spoken,
O'er every land and sea,
Bright signs of Hope betoken—
The reign of *purity*.

He comes—he comes victorious ;
Let earth receive her King ;
He comes, he comes all glorious,
Let princes tribute bring ;
He comes, he comes inviting
To jubilee and joy ;
Ye saints in praise uniting,
Your grateful songs employ.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Afric's sands, from Burmah's plains,
 From regions bound in icy chains,
 To where perpetual summer reigns ;

O gather them all to Thee !

Dark Ethiop's sons of swarthy brow,
 Circassia's maids of purple glow,
 And they who dwell 'mid Russia's snow ;

O gather them all to Thee !

O gather them all, from east to west,
 O gather them all, and make them blest,
 In mansions of eternal rest ;

O gather them all to Thee !

Thick darkness shrouds the southern zone,
 The Hindoo worships wood and stone,
 And Persia hears the widow's groan ;

O gather them all to Thee !

The Indian roams Columbia's wilds,
And oft his hands with blood defiles,
And guilt pollutes the western isles ;

O gather them all to Thee !

O gather them all, a numerous host,
From every realm, from every coast,
Nor let one precious soul be lost ;

But gather them all to Thee !

PRAISE TO GOD.

O TUNE again the broken lyre,
And strike anew its cords ;
Make warm the heart with holy fire,
With spirit-stirring words.

O tune again the broken lyre,
Make warm the heart with holy fire.

Breathe in harmonious notes
The deep-toned organ's swell ;
And with enraptured throats,
Salvation's glories tell.

Sing the Redeemer's love ;
Shout great Immanuel's praise ;
Let man below, to God above,
The grateful anthem raise.

Let heaven's wide arches ring,
And echo back the sound ;
The care-worn spirit upward spring,
With an exulting bound.

Ye sacred choirs rejoice,
And strike the harp again ;
Sound with united voice,
Glad tidings unto men.
O tune again the broken lyre,
Make warm the heart with holy fire.

CHRISTMAS ODE.

GATHER round the blazing fire,
Wife and daughter, son and sire ;
Christians, hail the hallowed morn,
'T is the day that CHRIST was born.

Day of unalloyed delight,
When on darkness broke the light—
When arose the promised star,
Shedding glory from afar.

Day when old acquaintance meet,
Friends and neighbors kindly greet ;
Heart to heart, and hand to hand,
Many a joyous household stand.

Load with fruits the generous board,
Fruits by thirst and prudence stored.
Bounteous Giver, Thee we praise,
In our rude and humble lays.

Open wide the bolted door,
Cast not off the needy poor ;
Now the year's with plenty crowned,
Let your charity abound.

Thou who hear'st the widow's prayer—
Thou who dost for orphans care,
Round our dwellings be thou near—
Thee we worship, love and fear.

Gather round the blazing fire,
Wife and daughter, son and sire ;
Christians, hail the hallowed morn,
'Tis the day that CHRIST was born.

THE "MOUNT OF THE BEATITUDES."

IN sorrow's dark, desponding hour,
When life's vexatious cares intrude,
Flows forth o'er earth a healing power,
From the Mount of the Beatitudes.

"Blessed are the pure in heart," for they,
The Saviour saith, shall see their God;
"The poor in spirit"—their 's the way
To his divine and blessed abode.

The meek, the merciful, the mild,
Who thirst for Truth's refreshing spring,
Mourners, and those by men reviled,
The Shepherd to his fold shall bring.

Oh, calm as evening's twilight hour,
When no vexatious care intrudes,
Flows forth o'er earth a healing power,
From the Mount of the Beatitudes.

Yes—brighter than the rising day,
Effulgent shone his natal star,
And guided on their trusting way,
The eastern Magi from afar.

Thus doth his life ensample give,
To anxious mortals seeking heaven ;
Sinner !—thy vicious courses leave,
And thou shalt be forgiven.

Oh, calm as evening's twilight hour,
Or rather, like the breath of morn,
Flowed forth o'er earth a healing power,
When Seraphs hailed the Saviour born.

HYMN TO NIAGARA.

GR^EA^T G^OD, supreme!—whose dazzling presence
bright,

Makes sun, and moon, and all earth's grandeur dim,
Up from each field, and flood, and mountain height,
Ascends, in joy, all nature's choral hymn ;
The forests praise Thee, when the wintry storms,
And piercing winds, and howling thunders roar ;
The floods, when rolling in majestic forms,
Mad billows dash along the sounding shores :
But not from shadowy forest, field or flood,
Flows forth such anthem-music, wild and free,
As that which in thy sternest, loftiest mood,
Comes up, sublime Niagara, from THEE.

Eternal Father ! all-pervading One,

Here is a shadow of thy *Godhead* seen :

As ever on these sparkling waters run,

So glide thy endless years—and naught between

But *change* and countless *ages* of decay,
Doth mark, on earth, the progress of thy day.
Change, Life and Death, and all the numerous host
Of ills and joys, that hourly from them rise,
In this thy dread magnificence is lost,
As is a monad, in the o'er-arching skies :
As is a dew-drop, to the boundless sea,
My soul ! so art thou unto Deity.

Glorious Niagara!—heaven doth richly throw
Her gorgeous mantle o'er thee—clouds that veil
The face of Deity from man below.
Type of exquisite beauty ! who can tell,
But those whose eyes have feasted on thy charms,
What power is thine, as with a magic spell,
To raise the soul up from the world's alarms,
To the great Architect of heaven and hell—
To that divine abode where angels have their birth,
Where Justice, Truth and Love in purity go forth :
What power is thine, to fill the pious breast
With a rich foretaste of the heavenly rest.

Within the circle of thy deafening sound,
Nature seems awed, the storm-winds silence keep ;

From out thy eddying whirlpool's dread profound,
The surges swell, and, bursting onward, sweep
To meet the surges of the ocean-tide,
Loud roaring, foaming, thundering far and wide ;
Loud roaring, foaming, bursting, like the fall
Of snowy avalanche from Alpine height,
Or mountain echoes answering to the call
Of struggling winds on a tempestuous night,
“ When from the murky heavens the Almighty Sire,
Hurls the live thunder, his right arm on fire.”

Beauteous Niagara !—other bards have sung
Thy praise in lofty rhyme, from land to land ;
How God around thy brow his *Bow* hath hung,
And poured thee from the “ hollow of his hand ; ”
Clothed thee with radiant clouds like those of old,
In flame and smoke that round Mount Sinai rolled ;
Piled thee in solemn grandeur to the sky ;
A wall of liquid light upon the brow
Of the blue firmament’s o’erspreading canopy ;
A pleasing spectacle to all below ;
Crowned thee with rampart hills of frowning rock,
That man may thus behold this his sublimest work.

But what!—a feeble worm, do I essay
A full description of thy every part?
Presumptuous thought!—no language can convey
To mortal ear, the *half* of what thou art.
In dread magnificence thou art alone,
Thou *Voice* of untold ages, past and gone.
When I look upward to the fearful verge
From whence thy world of whelming waters come,
O God!—in Thee my aspirations merge;
One thought absorbs me—it is THOU alone.
Great Sovereign Spirit, from defilement free!
Myself, and all I am, I consecrate to THEE!

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

THE PALACES OF NATURE.

THE palaces of Nature—

Majestically they stand ;
As fresh and as untouched by time,
As from their Maker's hand ;
Her caverned halls, built up of old ;
Her ramparts by the sea ;
Her iceberg hills, whose summits cold,
Freeze in sublimity.

The palaces of Nature—

Not subject to decay ;
Ay—there they stand, as there they stood
On the Creation-day ;
Earth's everlasting battlements ;

Her rock-ribbed, ancient towers ;
And storms with energies unspent,
Of flame and arrowy showers.

The palaces of Nature—
They mock the art of man,
That strives, with unavailing skill,
To emulate their plan ;
The quiet stars their vigils keep ;
The planets nightly burn ;
And calmly mid the boundless deep,
Upon their axes turn.

The palaces of Nature—
On every hand they rise,
And cast their shadows o'er the earth,
And glow along the skies.
Destruction on the whirlwind rides ;
Earth's burning mountains quake ;
And from their hollow, flaming sides,
Volcanic thunders break.

The palaces of Nature—
We need no “second sight,”

To view a present Deity,
In these displays of might ;
A Power who guides and rules the whole,
By fixed, unchanging laws ;
Gives to each breathing form a soul, .
To each event a cause.

SCENERY AT THE POLES.

REGIONS of ever-during frost—
The store-house of eternal snows ;
Whose ice-bound, adamantine coast,
None but the adventurous whaleman knows.

Where, from the vexed and surging deep,
Tall crystal piles of light arise ;
And passing centuries proudly heap
Their gathered trophies to the skies,

Crowning their tops, heaven's spacious dome,
Studded with thousand radiant gems ;
Circling their base, a wreath of foam,
Old ocean's sparkling diadem.

Mid concert of the wave and wind,
And Boreal song, and symphony,
The polar bear a dwelling finds
In this rough climate, wild and free ;

He sits upon his hills, a king,
And lords it over land and sky ;
Save when the eagle's folded wing
Partakes his lonely sovereignty.

Here with unyielding fetters bound,
Winter preserves its rigorous hold ;
And locks the portals of the ground
With steady, unrelenting cold.

Here man is naught, and God is all—
Supreme, amid these solitudes ;
And nature holds high carnival,
And no unwelcome rite intrudes.

Here meet with crashing thunder-stroke,
Huge iceberg mountains, tempest driven ;
And bolts of steel, and beams of oak,
Like fragile straws, are crushed and riven.

Thou land of wild, terrific forms,
Thou hast a beauty unto me,
E'en in thy clouds, and winds, and storms,
Of most august sublimity.

Thy rugged line of barren coast,
That stretches out beneath the sky,
For me hath lovelier scenes to boast,
Than all the pride of Araby.

THE RIVER MISSISSIPPI.

MONARCH of rivers !—thou art rolling on
 Thy waters to the sea ; deep, strong and wide ;
 Like to the current of our years they run,
 Rapid and noiseless in a mighty tide ;
 Mountains and darkling woods, they pass between—
 The abodes of savage beasts and savage men.

The crowded city, and the lonely glade,
 Men of all lands, and tongues, thou dost behold,
 Toiling and jostling in the marts of trade,
 For paltry *fame*, and still more paltry *gold*.
 A century hence, ask History, where are they ?
 History will answer, “ They have passed away.”

But thou art permanent—no change shalt know,
 But that which changes all things, sky and earth.
 To distant realms thy sparkling currents flow ;
 In distant Time they had their primal birth.

One half a continent thou journeyest through—
From lake Superior unto Mexico.

Ere by thy margin foot of white man stood,
Thou heard'st the panther's howl, the eagle's
scream ;
Ere sprung those giant trunks about thy flood,
Thou in existence hadst for ages been—
Pouring thy world of whelming waters forth,
Draining the regions of the South and North.

Majestic river!—thou dost proudly bear
A nation's garnered treasures on thy breast ;
And biddest the whole earth alike to share
The plenteous harvests of the fertile West.
The traveller, pausing on thy banks an hour,
Beholds his country's pride, his country's power.

Ask sage Philosophy, of searching eye,
Who built the Indian mounds, in days of yore—
Nor History, nor Philosophy reply ;
They cannot these antiquities explore.
But *thou*, proud stream, didst see these structures reared
By men, whose name and race have disappeared.

Flow on, bright river ; in thy fulness flow,
Through flowery meads and through the pathless
wild ;
Thy matchless grandeur doth God's glory show ;
And I will humbly worship, like a child ;
And kneel me down, here on thy wood-crowned brim,
And yield my *heart* an offering to Him.

THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA.

TELL me, proud symbol of Eternal Time,
When first, in days of yore, thou didst begin,
In power and majesty, thy onward course ?
When first the dews of heaven began to fill
Thy deep, exhaustless reservoir, and pour,
Unceasing and sublime, their torrents forth ?
How long before thou shalt perform thy work,
And level down thy barrier to its base ?
What ages yet to come shalt thou behold,
And who shall be thy wondering worshippers ?

Sages have looked upon thee, and have felt
That thou, in thunder-tones, dost speak of God ;
Have heard thy voice, and called it terrible.
The morning beams do bathe themselves in thee,
And show their beauty in thy yeasty waves ;
A rainbow circles in thy dread sublimity.
Thou hast the product of the “ latter rain ; ”

And thou the tribute of a thousand streams.
The fleecy snow, and wintry hail, is thine ;
The flying clouds, the whirlwind and the storm,
That in the realms of space perform, obedient,
Their Maker's will, are but the breath of thee.
Thou comest from the *deep*, and these thy waters
Seek the *deep* again, and go to other lands.

Such is thy history ; and such the flow
Of men and nations—such the awful gorge
That swallows up eternity of time,
And merges in the past, all sublunary things.
Dread shoreless gulf, whose waters murmur death !

But there are hopes beyond this lower state,
Of rich beatitude, unaltering joy ;
Peace in the presence of the Deity ;
Light—Life—and Truth, no longer unapproved ;
And raptures of the heart, no more delayed.
And thou mayst flow, tremendous waterfall !
Thou canst not injure these ; thou canst not hide
The glory of God's *bow*, upon thy front ;
Or chase away the musings of the soul.
And this, indeed, doth speak encouragement.

The aged trunks that grow around thy shore,
Shall withering fade, and fall at length, and die.
The aged rocks, that stand against thy tide,
And saw thy wondrous birth, shall pass away,
And thou *thyself* be swallowed up at last.
But *we*, the heirs of immortality,
Shall still remain, in worlds of bliss or wo,
To be through endless time, thy witnesses.

Then hasten on thy course, and number out
The countless myriads of thy centuries.
Lift up thy voice to Him who placed thee here,
And bade thee be the *chronicler* of earth :
Say to the sons of men, that thou art but
The handiwork of the great Architect—
That thou dost but imperfectly show forth
His deeds of wondrous love, and matchless power,
When the great “fountain heads” were broken up :
Say to the steadfast hills and pillared skies,
That all must pass away to be renewed again.

And when thou shalt have done thy errand here,
And numbered all the “seasons” and their times,
Return again to thy primeval state.

THE MATERIAL UNIVERSE.

“The number of simple substances amount only to fifty-two ; and of these, in various combinations, all the bodies in the earth, as far as our knowledge extends, are composed.”—*Turner’s Chemistry*, p. 16.

AND these are all the earth, the ocean, and the air !
 These the frail coverings of life’s bright forms,
 Of undecaying *Soul*, and sovereign *Intellect*.

“ But how, and by what bond, do they unite
 To form earth’s rare and glorious pageantry ;
 In precious gem, in beauteous tree and flower ;
 By what attractions are their *atoms* wed ? ”

O Lord, they are of Thee !—Thou breathest on them,
 And the earth came forth from out vacuity ;
 The grass sprang up, the mountain tops were clad
 With cheering verdure, and with rosy health ;
 Youth went abroad in all its gaiety ;
 Manhood pressed on, struggling beneath its load
 Of weary toil, and wan corroding care ;

And then came hoary-headed and decrepit age.
We look in vain for aught that doth abide,
Steadfast and fixed, nor subject to decay.

“The mountain tops, and everlasting hills?”

But they, anon, with devastating power,
Throw down their loosened crags, and granite blocks.

“The ocean, in its majesty and might?”

Around its rocky barriers hourly gush
The sounding cataracts, and mine away its banks.

“The skies, sun, moon and stars, and all their hosts?”

But they, we’re told, are hastening on their flight,
In swift, progressive course, towards extinguishment.

“Then where is rest, and where the soul’s high rock
Of shelter and defence—where, but in Christ?”

O for some hall of Nature, vast and deep,
Hemmed in by Time’s eternal battlements;

Where revolution, and decay, and death,
Lose their prerogative ; and where abrasion stops :
Some submarine expanse, where imaged deep
Beneath the crystal wave, the o'er-arching heavens,
With pillared buttresses of pearly clouds,
Reposing lie, in wild sublimity :
Where cometh not the storms, with fierce-toned
accents,
Sounding far and wide, on lightning wings of flame,
Through the dim twilight gloom and midnight air :
But where the Deity hath throned himself
In solemn majesty and robes of light ;
Where swells and flows the sea of Gratitude,
And hearts of angels overflow with praise.
And there are such—so holy men have said—
And there are happy souls, who do inhabit them.

But there are other worlds—if we are told aright—
Where torturing conscience sits sole empress ;
Where guilt and vengeance strive for mastery,
And madly writhe the victims of despair.
But this we'd rather leave to dark Theology,
And turn us to the hope of better things—
To pitying Mercy—trusting Faith—and Love !

Each successive step in God's economy
Is upward, onward to the focus ray
Of central life, and central energy.
He, perhaps, moves on with kindred progress, infinite.
Matter first appears wandering with course eccentric,
In the dim *nebulæ*, or comet's flame.
Organic life in chaos next succeeds ;
Huge *gorgionæ* and *fucoides* float
In ponderous bulk, upon the vasty deep.
These pass away, and in their turn give place
To beings higher in the scale of life.
Thus *we* shall rise, in the great scale of Truth,
And man, in perfect ecstasy of bliss,
Shall be to all eternity forever blessed.

THE ANTEDILUVIAN WORLD.

THOU Sovereign Power, who hast at various times
Made wreck of this our goodly planet earth,
Instruct my spirit, and inspire my song.

Declare, O God, when were the hills “brought forth?”
When were those chasms formed, which separate
Their heights, and seem as if rent open by thy hand?
How came those dikes, that with a barrier cross,
Right angled and oblique, the parted *strata*?
When lived those lords and vassals of another world,
The *trilobite*, the *encrinite*, and giant *mastodon*?
What periods elapsed before e’en these were made?
What doubling series of infinities
Had spent their flight, ere the “sixth day” was
closed,
And all the labor of creation done?
How many races of created things became extinct,
And yielded in their turn to those of higher grade,

Before thou madest man—thy last great work ?
The Andes' tops, when were they ocean's bed—
And these New England vales, a tropic clime ?
When were the granite rocks a liquid mass,
And mould of fertile fields, endued with life ?
When will there be another awful *change*,
And we give place to beings more refined,
Perhaps to angels, or to holy men ?
Another breaking up of hill and flood—
Another deluging of isle and continent—
Another period of chaotic waste—
Another joyous spring of life and verdure ?

O God, they err who think that Science *lies*—
Who think that matter ever is destroyed ;
It cannot cease to be, but through the source
From whence it had its origin, and birth.
They err who think this vapor-hour of life
Was made for gloomy *doubt*, and not for *trust*.
They greatly err, who think there is no God !
There dwells no pleasure in the great First Cause,
But that which comes of purity and truth.
There 's no ingredient in Nature's work,
But that which springs from charity and love—

And no extinguishment of sun or star,
But that of ever-during, all-pervading *change*.
It binds in one, the future and the past—
The first and last of animate intelligence—
The earth-bred forms that lived before the flood,
With the pure essences of angel life ;
The souls who have passed through their terrene state,
With those whose trial hour is yet to come.
It stretches backward to the birth of worlds,
And onward, far beyond the flight of thought,
And there is lost, in unavailing strife,
To scale the highest heaven, and come at Deity.

We read there is to be another *change*—
Not the wide breaking up of hill and flood,
And deluging of isle and continent ;
But one of thought, of feeling and desire ;
A “ putting on of Immortality ! ”
We read of other worlds of bliss, or wo,
And humbly hope—hope it will all be well ;
But of that final hour, O God, we know not !

THE STORM-GOD.

Who knows the Spirit that rides the storm—
What eye hath looked on his wrathful form—
On his chariot of clouds, and his garments of fire,
And his charger's fierce ungoverned ire ?

Who knows the Spirit that rides the storm—
What eye hath looked on his wrathful form ?

He speaks, and the nations are bowed with dread,
And thunders echo the monarch's tread ;
And prostrate temple and splintered mast
Proclaim his avenging car hath passed.

On the icy breath of the North he comes,
From the regions of death, in the frozen zone,
All clad in armor of sleet and hail,
And before his presence the mighty quail.

But all is not terror the storm-god brings ;
There's beauty and healing beneath his wings ;

The pestilent vapor he sweepeth away,
And the sun o'er his track sheds a livelier ray.

There's music borne in the sullen tone
Of his fitful gusts—their continuous moan,
Like the rush of waters in endless roar,
Enrapt the soul with mysterious power.

Stern shape!—in terror or ecstasy bowed,
I worship thy form as thou movest aloud;
As thou movest aloud through darkness alone,
And bearest thy banner of lightning on.

Stern shape!—the roar of the winds and waves,
And struggle of tempests within their caves,
Is naught but an *echo* that comes from Thee,
And thou but the *whisper* of Deity!

Who knows the Spirit that rides the storm—
What eye hath looked on his wrathful form—
On his chariot of clouds, and his garments of fire,
And his charger's fierce ungoverned ire?

Who knows the Spirit that rides the storm—
What eye hath looked on his wrathful form?

THE MYSTERIES OF OCEAN.

Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea ?
Or hast thou walked in the search of the depth ?

JOB xxxviii. 16.

Who knows what lies in the depths below,
Where the waters ebb and the waters flow ;
And round the stems of coral flowers,
The gushing tide incessant pours ?

Who knows what lies in the hollow sea,
That utters its voice so mournfully ?

There 's many a wreck, and many a bone,
And many a bank with grass o'ergrown,
And many a grotto, and many a dell,
And many a bright and changeful shell,
Hidden beneath the stormy sea,
That utters its voice so mournfully.

There 's many a hope, and many a sigh,
And many a longing, lingering eye ;

And many a vow, and many a prayer,
And many a lock of braided hair,
Down in the depths of the treacherous sea,
That utters its voice so mournfully.

There lie the forms of manly youth,
And there the lines of sacred truth ;
And maiden cheeks of purple glow,
Are mouldering in the depths below—
In the sunless depths of the pathless sea,
That utters its voice so mournfully.

Who knows what lies in the depths below,
Where the waters ebb and the waters flow ;
And round the stems of coral flowers,
The gushing tide incessant pours ?
Who knows what lies in the hollow sea,
That utters its voice so mournfully ?

There dragons make their slimy home,
And troops of grisly monsters roam,
And serpents with their poisonous breath,
Are hissing threatening notes of death ;
And fiendish sprites with hellish glee,
Hold festival beneath the sea.

There, when the storm is on the wave,
And the high shores the billows lave,
And mariners on desert coast,
Expect each moment to be lost—

There, down beneath the whitening sea,
Reigns undisturbed tranquillity.

There the waters ebb and the waters flow,
And the sea plants lift their branching boughs
Of crimson, purple, white and green—
So calm, so lovely, so serene,

That e'en the very heaven of bliss
Is not to be compared with this.

There would I rest among the steeps,
Of sand-hills piled in drifted heaps,
Or in the Nereid bowers of stone,
Or on the mountain tops, alone,
With open heart, most willingly,
Learn all that 's done beneath the sea.

A NIGHT AT SEA.

God is upon the deep !

The tempest roars,

The maddening billows swell, and forward leap,

And flood the sounding shores.

The rain descends, the hail

And driving snow ;

The cold comes on—night's veil

O'ershadows all below.

The blasts continue loud,

The surges roll ;

The frightened sea-birds, in a screaming crowd,

Desert the Pole.

The darkened welkin heaves ;

It parts—the thunders groan ;

The briny cauldron seethes ;

The vivid lightnings come.

Appalling sights and sounds
Rise from the wave ;
And all things threaten round,
A watery grave.

“There is no hope,” the trembling Captain cried ;
“Death, death is near !”
“Yes!—there *is* hope,” a man of God replied ;
“To prayer!—to prayer !”

And now the stoutest hearts beseech for aid,
And God adore ;
Captain and seamen prayed,
Who never prayed before.

A calm succeeds ;
The waves forget their wrath ;
Our vessel onward speeds,
And sunbeams gild her path.

Safe to her destined port
She quickly glides ;
And there, unhurt,
The anchor’s fluke abides.

The men who lately met,
For help to pray,
Now all their vows forget,
And go their way.

So 't is in *life*—misfortune's evils lower ;
We call on God to aid us with his power ;
The danger past, we think not of the hand
That plucked from burning the devoted brand.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

Not many years since, a dead body, in the dress of a sailor, was thrown up by the waves, on Ipswich beach; being in the last stages of decomposition, it was buried on the spot, a few rods from high water mark.

ON the barren waste of the bleak sea-shore,
 Where the winds and waves his body cast,
 His feverish dreams, and his sufferings o'er,
 The sailor rests from his toils at last.
 The sailor rests on the bleak sea-shore,
 His feverish dreams, and his sufferings o'er.

The winds a solemn requiem chant,
 And the waves a dirge-like music swell;
 And the cry of the passing cormorant
 Is the lonely and friendless sailor's knell.

Ah! many a prayer was said for him,
 And many a wish for his safe return;
 And many a watching eye grew dim,
 By the friendly hearth, where his kindred mourn.

No urn or willow marks the spot,
Or sculptured marble tells his name ;
The sailor rests, by the world forgot,
And no one knows from whence he came.

But not alone does the sailor sleep—
The beauty of ocean is strewn around ;
Rich pearly shells from the azure deep,
Lie scattered thick on the desert ground.

Perchance an hour before his death,
The forest's murmur was in his ear ;
And gentle zephyrs, with wooing breath,
Proclaimed the home of his childhood near.

On the barren waste of the bleak sea-shore,
Where the winds and waves his body cast,
His feverish dreams, and his sufferings o'er,
The sailor rests from his toils at last.

The sailor rests on the bleak sea-shore,
His feverish dreams, and his sufferings o'er.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE bark hath left Old England's shore ;
The blue waves curl, the waters roar ;
With swelling sails, and bending mast,
She strideth on before the blast.

The bark hath left Old England's shore,
The blue waves curl, the waters roar.

Onward, and on across the deep,
The blue waves curl, the storm-winds sweep ;
Onward, and on by night and day,
The bark speeds on her watery way.

What prize, deep freighted, doth she bear ?
The Christian's hope, the Christian's prayer ;
To distant realms, o'er an unknown sea,
She bears a nation's liberty !

Behold, above, beneath, around,
Ocean and air, a vast profound ;
A shoreless space of sea and sky,
With none to bear them company.

Yes !—One is with them on the deep—
One whose kind mercies never sleep ;
He orders all things for their good,
Both on the land and on the flood.

What though the storms and tempests blow,
And earth be clad with ice and snow ;
If but unawed by a tyrant's nod,
The pious soul may worship God !

The bark hath reached *New England's* shore—
They fear the oppressor's wrongs no more !

FOREST SCENERY.

THE woods, the snow-clad, frozen woods,
Begirt with wintry storms ;
I love them in their darkest moods,
And in their roughest forms.
There the dense foliage shades the earth,
And there the gnarled oak springs ;
And to its top—her place of birth—
Her food the eagle brings.

The woods, the dim and quiet woods ;
I love their mossy plains,
When thawing winds unloose the floods,
And break their icy chains :
I love the zephyr's cooling breath,
That comes from out their caves—
From out their grottos—underneath
A canopy of leaves.

I love the lonely wilderness,
When scorching sunbeams pour,
And through the pine boughs' tasseled dress,
Scarce reach the verdant floor ;
As standing by the twisted roots,
One almost seems to hear
The swelling buds and starting shoots
Proclaim the opening year.

But most of all, I love their shroud
Of gorgeous crimson dye,
Contrasted with the irised cloud
Of autumn's changeful sky ;
It seems to say, in Nature's book,
Death is not marked with gloom ;
Mortal ! to Christ, the Saviour, look—
There 's life beyond the tomb.

SCENE BEFORE AND AFTER A SHOWER.

THE winds are hushed, the waves are still—
There is no sound or motion ;
And heavenly influences fill
The heart with calm devotion ;
A pure and holy spirit breathes
O'er all the face of nature,
And consecrates the buds and leaves,
And every living creature.

Like holy calm, the landscape shows,
At opening morn and even ;
And such the peace the Christian knows,
Just entering into heaven :
Like consolation soothes his breast,
And dissipates his fear,
When he beholds his place of rest,
And finds his Saviour there.

But hark!—from yon dark threatening cloud,
Slow rising in its might,
Echoes the muttering thunder loud,
And gleams electric light :
And now reverberates peal on peal,
The elemental war ;
Earth trembles, and the mountains reel
Beneath the storm-wind's car.

The rain descends ; the parched ground
Drinks in a large supply ;
And bird and beast, with rapid bound,
To sheltering caverns fly :
The swollen streams in torrents flow,
Loud sounding, to the main ;
And with a copious overflow
They fertilize the plain.

The rain is o'er ; and men resume
Their customary toil ;
Bright rain-drops all the fields illume,
And saturate the soil ;
Bright rain-drops bathe each drooping flower,
And fragrance fills the air ;

Both high and low, the rich and poor,
The general blessing share.

Lo!—pile on pile voluptuous rolled,
Like hills of crystal light,
Lie scattered clouds of burnished gold,
To feast the enraptured sight.
Beyond—the airy fancy weaves
Scenes of ecstatic joy ;
Where heaven its choicest blessing gives,
And angels find employ.

'T is night !—and darkness, like a pall,
Upon the earth comes down ;
And with its curtain, mantles all,
Both valley, grove and town.
'T is night—the shepherd seeks his flock,
The wild beast seeks his lair ;
And I, through Christ, Salvation's Rock,
Will seek my God in prayer.

PROGRESS OF CREATION.

Laplace supposes that *meteor clouds*, or *nebulosities*, are spread in profusion throughout the universe ; and that the planets have been formed, at different periods, from the atmosphere of the sun, by condensation. He also considers it a necessary consequence, that these *nebulosities* being condensed into planets, should act upon and continue to approach each other ; and that they will all finally fall into their respective suns.—*Essai Philosophique sur les Probabilités*.

THE work of Creation is going on,
 And worlds are forming above, below ;
 Forming, and hastening towards their suns,
 In rapid, bright and majestic flow.

The meteor clouds in the realms of space,
 Are wide outspread in the ambient air ;
 And homes for a new and peculiar race,
 Almighty Power is contriving there.

The work of Destruction is going on,
 And stars are falling above, below ;
 Falling, and hastening towards their suns,
 In rapid, bright and majestic flow.

But though the order of heaven's array
Is losing its place in the upper sky,
And stars and systems are fading away,
The Christian's hope it shall never die,
But brighter and brighter shall shine his sun,
As the work of Creation is going on.

The work of Perfection is going on,
And angels are raised from their first estate—
Raised to be near the Eternal's throne,
And to look upon goodness immaculate.

The fogs of vice, and the clouds of sense,
Are clearing off from the eyes of men ;
And the radiant light of Omnipotence
Is shining forth on the earth again.

And on, and on, through periods long,
The work of Perfection shall calmly go ;
Through distant ages and years to come,
In rapid, bright and majestic flow ;
An endless course without a pause,
Towards its source, the great First Cause.

And on and on through periods long,
The work of Creation shall calmly go,
Through distant ages and years to come,
In rapid, bright and majestic flow,
Extending, and deepening, and widening round,
Without beginning, or end, or bound.

And of the course of this grand advance,
No other memorial shall record keep,
Except the fragments of fossil plants,
And fossil shells from the vasty deep ;
But these are numerous, and read with care,
Will show the ages that placed them there.

The planets that circle around their suns,
And suns and stars in harmonious flow,
That circle around the Eternal's throne,
And on in the pride of their fulness go,
Are winding up their bright career,
Each day, and month, and passing year.

But not a ray of all their light,
Or atom from all their orbs, is lost ;
They form new clouds in the upper height,

And gather themselves in a numerous host ;
They form and gather, and pass away
Into the night of Eternity.

Then what is *earth* to this glorious show,
And what is *man* to the things of earth ?
And what are the wonders we boast to know,
Compared with those of a future birth ?
O God, for an answer we look to Thee !
We cannot fathom thy Deity.

THE WRECKER.

A LEGEND OF CAPE COD.

Many years ago, (report says,) it was the custom on Cape Cod, for those demons in human shape, the moon-cursers, or wreckers, to wrap themselves up in an old sheet, mount an old white horse, with a torch in their hands, and ride by the sea-shore during a storm, for the purpose of decoying unwary mariners into the breakers. The following poem is founded on this report, and commences with the old man, Albertroff, calling to his young son to get up and ride the old white horse.

“ UP, boy, up!—the storm is at its height,
 And you must go ride the old white horse to-night.
 Last eve, just before the daylight went down,
 I saw three good ships fast approaching the town.
 The torch it is lighted, the saddle is on,
 So up, boy, up!—make haste and be gone.”

“ O father, I cannot ; the wind it blows keen,
 And not a bright star through the darkness is seen.
 The rain it falls fast, over mountain and wold,
 And my limbs will be drenched and stiffened with cold.
 My chamber is dry, and my bed it is warm,
 And I cannot away through the wind and the storm.”

“Up, boy, up!—don’t force me to chide—
Do n’t force me to say you *shall* go and ride.
There’s nothing to scare you and nothing to harm,
So up from your couch, boy, so dry and so warm;
Give a resolute jump, and spring on the floor,
And mount the white horse and go ride by the shore.”

“O father, I’m sleepy ; I cannot arise—
I cannot get open my half-closed eyes ;
I cannot go ride the white horse in the sleet,
With nothing to cover me but an old sheet.
Besides, it is now a good while until morning,
So let me lie down till the bright sun is dawning.”

“Up, boy, up!—you must not delay,
’T is now but three hours before ’t will be day ;
Three hours misspent will lose us the prize,
So up, boy, up!—and be rubbing your eyes.
Up, mount the white horse and take the bright brand,
And gallop away o’er the surf-beaten strand.”

“O father, ’t is dark, and I fear to go out—
I fear to be coursing the sand hills about,
With a torch in my hand, upon a white horse,

Wrapped up in the dress of a spectre or corse.
I fear my last dream foreboded some ill,
For horrible fancies my vision did fill.”

“ Up, boy, up!—it does not storm hard;
Sure none but a coward would be so much scared,
To ride a white horse, wrapped up in a sheet,
Through the wind and the snow, the rain and the sleet.
You can put on your mittens, and tie up your throat,
And then over all, your thick doublet coat.”

“ O father, the mittens and doublet and all,
Are but slight defences against the night squall;
They will not keep off the fast driving rain,
Or free me from agues, or keep me from pain;
They will not keep off the shrill screaming ghosts,
That sail on the storm-winds in numberless hosts.”

“ Up, boy, up!—or I ’ll flay off your skin;
What mean you by filling me thus with chagrin?
What mean you by loitering and answering so?
Up, up, you young rascal!—away with you—go!
Up, mount the white horse and take the bright brand,
And gallop away o’er the surf-beaten strand!”

The boy he got up, and mounted the steed,
And waving his torch-brand, rode off at full speed.
The ships saw the light, and altered their course,
And steered straight away for the boy and the horse.
They steered for the light, and thought it a sail,
That was making her way to some port from the gale.

Now nearer and nearer the gallant ships glide,
And faster and faster they bound o'er the tide.
They think to be safe in the space of an hour,
From the waters that dash, and the tempests that lower.
They think to be safe in some haven or bay,
Where the billows subside and the winds die away.

But lo!—the vexed surges more fearfully roar,
And welter and filter upon the lee shore.
Astounded—confounded—in darkness—alone!
The light they relied on has vanished and gone!
What became of this last we shall afterwards pen,
But now we'll attend to the ships and the men.

Astounded—confounded—they look through the storm,
When between the rough blasts it lulls to a calm.
They see on the lee bow the surf-beaten shore,

The waters that dash and the billows that roar.
They see the foam breaking in feathery flocks,
High up on the beach among the black rocks.

They totter and stagger, and reel to and fro,
But onward and onward they fearfully go.
The vortex-wave seizes the ship in its whirl,
And hurries her round with impetuous twirl ;
Now up and now down, now forward and back,
The sturdy masts quiver, the oaken beams crack.

Now forward and back, as the vexed water sinks,
The sturdy masts quiver, the planks yawn in chinks.
The gallant ships settle with gurgling sound,
Ingulfed in the whirlpool that hurries them round.
A shrill piercing cry is all that is heard,
Forever and aye from all that's on board.

Now we've sung of the boy, how he hied him away,
O'er the surf-beaten strand, through the wet and
the spray—

How the ships saw the light, and altered their course,
And steered straight away for the boy and the horse.
We've heard the vexed waters most fearfully roar,
And welter and filter upon the lee shore.

We've seen the ships settle, with gurgling sound,
To the watery shades of the azure profound ;
And heard the shrill shriek and the heart-piercing cry,
On the breath of the storm-winds go echoing by.
All this we have sung, in a rhyme you may scan,
And now we will sing of the haggard old man.

Far up on the beach, beyond the rough wave,
Beyond where the storm-winds in symphony rave,
There stands a lone hut, with but one outer door,
Where dwells the old *knav*e we have mentioned before.
There dwells he in guilt and in darkness alone,
With no other mortal except his young son.

By a small lattice window that looks to the sea,
From the late hour of *one* to the late hour of *three*,
The old man in waiting had anxiously stood,
And saw the ships settle, engulfed in the flood ;
And heard the shrill shriek and the heart-piercing cry,
On the breath of the storm-wind go echoing by.

And now forth he rushes, and hastens to the strand,
To see what rich booty had come to the land ;
To see what rich wares, perchance might be found,

Cast up from the depths of the ocean profound.
He searches the boxes and bales every one,
And thinks not at all of his horse and his son.

Cast up from the ocean, and strewn here and there,
He finds three full cargoes from wealthy Cashmere ;
Rich satins and silks, and diamonds and rings,
And other most rare and most wonderful things.
Intent on his plunder, he labors till morn,
Before a thought enters his mind to return.

His work being finished, his labor all done,
He begins to reflect on his horse and his son.
So with budget in hand, and a bag on his back,
The haggard old cut-throat his footsteps retrack.
Fatigued and exhausted, he reaches his home,
And sets down his plunder within his best room.

Fatigued and exhausted, he reaches his home,
But the boy with the horse and the light has not come ;
The boy and the horse, who of late hied away,
Through the wind and the rain, the wet and the spray,
Who wrapped himself up in an old ragged sheet,
And hied him away through the rain and the sleet.

He goes to his chamber, and looks for him there,
He goes to the window, and looks every where ;
But naught of the boy and the horse can be found,
In the chamber above, or the country around.
The boy and the horse no more will return,
But the bright flaming torch-brand forever will burn.

And now, as the sailors and good people say,
A light can at midnight be seen from the bay,
High up in the air, above the hut's roof,
A warning to seamen—of murder the proof.
A warning to seamen to keep from the strand,
Where the boy rode the horse with the bright flaming
brand.

The boy and the horse they continue to go,
Through the wind and the rain, the sleet and the snow.
The old man continues to watch the dark wave,
Where the echoing storm-winds in symphony rave.
He continues to go from the hut to the shore,
And search for his son, who will greet him no more.

And oft it is said, they are seen on the wold,
With their limbs drenched with rain and stiffened with
cold :

And oft they are heard for each other to call,
Above the rough tempests, above the night squall.
The boy he inquires for his far distant home,
And the old man he asks for his horse and his son.

Sometimes they are seen to each other so near,
That if not enchanted they surely would hear—
They surely would reach forth the welcoming hand,
And cease from their search o'er the surf-beaten strand.
But they heed not the sight, and hear not the sound,
And on their fixed errand go hurrying round.

The good wives and farmers, for many miles off,
Have learned the whole story of old Albertroff;
They know the old man, and they know the white horse,
And the boy wrapped about in the dress of a corse ;
They point them to strangers, and show the place where
The bright flaming torch-brand illumines the air.

They say 'tis a true and invariable sign,
When the boy and the horse career in the wind,
That the storm will be long, and the rain will fall fast,
And the ocean be vexed with the north-eastern blast ;
That those who are out will meet with no good,
By hill or by dale, by river or flood.

They say that many an instance is known,
Of those who have met with these spectres alone,
Where the travellers never again reached their home
But through the dim darkness continued to roam—
Continued to roam through brake and through brier,
O'er hill and o'er dale, in ghastly attire.

So whenever the chill blasts blow over the wild,
Each good wife is careful to call in her child,
To close up the windows and shutters all tight,
To keep out the glare of this horrible sight ;
While she tells to her loved ones, who listening stand,
How the boy rode the horse, with the bright flaming
brand.

WINTEMAYAH.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

Peezhickie, or Le Boeuf, as the Canadians call him, was Chief of the St. Mary's band of the Chippewas, who, according to the Indian mythology, were the children of Tarhe, the crane, who was their *totem*. He joined heart and hand in the war which Pontiac waged, for the avowed purpose of driving the Sagaunash, or English, out of the country. He was foremost in the assault of Mackina, and assisted at the siege of Detroit. Peace prevailing in the Indian country, many of the chiefs became attached to the English, but Peezhickie was not of the number. He returned, with the few warriors that remained of his band, to his home by the falls of St. Marie. In 1783 the band of Peezhickie, which had increased to forty lodges, was nearly all cut off by the small pox. All his family except one daughter fell its victims.—*Life on the Lakes*, p. 122.

READER! if thou art fond of being moved
To pitying tears, for disappointed love,
Listen and hear a simple Indian tale.

There lived a Chief, his nation's pride and boast,
The white man's enemy : his name Peezhickie.
A ruthless plague had swept from his embrace
All but one favorite child, young Wintemayah.

In this tender bud was treasured all his hope
Of earthly happiness, of family and name ;
To wed her suitably his only care.

In course of time, there came a neighboring Chief,
With costly presents, to request her hand.
Peezhickie heard his *talk*, and thought it good ;
But Wintemayah's young and buoyant heart
Responded not the suit.

True, he was brave ;
But he was old and ugly, and had other wives.
The white man's glittering arms had met her view ;
His words had fallen like music on her ear,
And won to his embrace her simple heart.
Yet had she been told she loved her father's enemies,
She would indignantly have scorned the thought.

One day as Wintemayah rambled in the woods,
Her quick ear caught the sound of martial music.
Through the long vistas of o'er-arching trees,
She saw the gleaming swords and scarlet dress.
Slowly and cautiously she crept towards the spot,
And gazed upon the sight with girlish pleasure.

The glow of admiration scarce had left her cheek,
When a young English warrior stood before her.
He spoke—she listened to his words with charmed ear ;
She could not fly, or answer him with scorn,
Such as she knew her father best would like :
She answered mildly, and with friendly words ;
Nor did the lovers part till each had drank
The deep, infectious draught, and on her hand
The enamored youth had placed a diamond ring,
And promised, on his honor, to return.

Days, weeks and months passed on ; the maple shed
its leaves

Ere the appointed time of meeting had arrived.
In the meanwhile, the neighboring Chief, Assibun,
Came with much parade to claim his promised bride.
Peezhickie gave him friendly greeting, and prepared,
With pomp and ceremony, the wedding feast.
But mid their revel, Peezhickie grew sick.
They put in practice all their healing arts,
And magic charms, to restore the dying Chief.

Beside his *lodge* they placed a knotty pole,
And each suspended there his gift to Gitchee Monedo.

There young Wintemayah hung up her *ring* ;
'T is my best gift, she said, and one most likely
To appease the god ; angry with me, perhaps,
Because I love and reverence the white man ;
By it will Gitchee know how much I love my father.

Still Peezhickie was sick, and the hot fever told
That he must die, ere many moons were spent.
He called his friend Wabojeeg, and proffered this
request :

“ Brother—The Great Spirit calls, and I must go
To the Great Village at the setting sun.
Let my child, Wintemayah, this night be made
The wife of my old friend, the brave Assibun ;
Then shall my willing soul depart in peace.”

Young Wintemayah heard her father's dread com-
mand,
And shuddered at the thought, with feelings of disgust.
She loved her father, fain would do his will,
But could not, if she would, forget the white man.
She knew the time had come for his return ;
And one, her friend, had told her he was *there*,

Pointing behind a *crag*, that formed a cove.
She, trembling, started, went a few steps that way,
Then pausing, turned where lay the dying Chief,
With the full purpose never more to leave him.
She gazed upon the ground ; but as she raised
Her downcast eyes imploringly to heaven,
She met the hateful glance of Assibun.
She thought no more, but bounded to the woods,
And breathless fell into her lover's arms ;
And ere she 's fully conscious of the act,
Is borne across the lake, into the white man's tent.

Days, weeks and months pass on ; the Indian maid
Meanwhile becomes a mother and a bride ;
The English officer prepares a feast,
To honor her, who thus had honored him.

Upon the centre of an open plain,
And near the verge of a precipitous cliff,
Commanding a full view of the adjoining lake,
Was built, with skill and taste, a rustic bower.
Four untrimmed mountain cedars form the posts ;
Festoons of evergreen, and interwoven branches
Compose the verdant sides and lofty roof.

A table there was spread ; and at each end,
Old England's banner, gathered into folds,
Made a rich canopy above the place,
Where sat the young Commandant and his spouse,
Surrounded by their servants and their friends.

The scene was strange and new to Wintemayah ;
But at length the songs and merry music
Raised her spirits, and she was gay and happy.

Meanwhile Peezhickie from his death-bed trance
Had risen, and learned his daughter's sudden flight.
He called upon his warriors to pursue
The treacherous white man who had stolen his child.
Maddened by their delay, all feeble as he was,
He launched his swift canoe, and pulled from shore,
Singing his vengeful war-song as he went.
He sought and found her place of refuge out ;
He lurked about the outskirts of the wood,
Till the sun set, and dusky night closed in,
When, like a tiger leaping on his prey,
He sprung into the tent, and seized her fast.
He hurled her to the ground ; but as he backward
stepped

To wield the tomahawk, he reeled sheer off the cliff.
Now sinking down, and almost hid from view,
He grasped a sapling pine, upon its verge,
And hung suspended by its yielding boughs.
Young Wintemayah saw his awful peril,
Gave a wild shriek, and frantic, rushed towards him.
And now her foot is close beside her father's !
The desperate savage sees his faithful child ;
A gleam of triumph flashes o'er his brow.
He seized her by the waist, and sprang from off the
cliff ;
And though the whole wood rang with the exulting
war-whoop,
Yet clear above the din, was heard the piercing shriek
With which Peezhickie's daughter met her fate.

BION AND PORCIA.*

A TALE OF GREECE.

We 'll live together like two neighbor vines,
 Circling our souls and loves in one another !
 We 'll spring together, and we 'll bear one fruit ;
 One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn !
 One age go with us, and one hour of death
 Shall close our eyes ; and one grave make us happy.

COLERIDGE'S "*Improvisatore.*"

'T IS friendship's voice inspires my muse—
 Love makes my ardent bosom glow ;
 How can a gentle maid but choose,
 To list the young heart's overflow ?

I sing a tale of gentle love,
 A generous youth and beauteous maid ;
 How each to other faithful proved,
 And were in happy hymen wed.

* *Bion* was a Greek poet, and *Porcia*, a celebrated Roman lady, sister of Cato.

A long, long summer of delight
Was theirs, in that most blissful state,
When thoughts are pure and eyes are bright,
And life a gem immaculate.

Far back, in hoary olden time,
The theme of this my song hath birth ;
When *plastic ART* was in its prime,
And Genius dwelt upon the earth.

There lived in ancient Attica,
A maid, her parents' joy and pride;
And in adjacent Phrygia,
A youth, to wealth allied.

And here beneath these genial skies,
They drank love's streams of purple light,
And felt love's rapturous ecstasies,
Beneath the starry night.

They wandered forth, one summer eve,
Through fields where soft Mæander glides,
And groves where Helicon's bright streams
Flash down the mountain sides.

Shadows of shafts and pillared domes,
The moonlight cast along their path ;
And theirs were dreams of sunny homes,
Such as the poet hath.

Her willing hand reposed in his ;
Their hearts kept time with measured beat ;
And love through all their veins diffused,
A mild and genial heat.

The tales of love and chivalry,
That ancient bards and minstrels tell,
Now brought afresh to memory,
Came o'er them with a magic spell.

How from the high projecting cliff,
The love impassioned Sappho sprung ;
And where the waves the sea-plants lift,
Her maniac body flung.

How brave Leander—though the night
Hung dark o'er Hellespont's rough tide,
Guided by love's inspiring light,
With strong arm thrust the waves aside.

And how from perfumed garden bowers,
Soft music floated on the gale,
Inviting sleep among the flowers,
Of Tempe's quiet vale.

And how the speaking canvass glowed,
With forms and colors not its own ;
The Roman *toga* graceful flowed,
Round limbs of Parian stone.

They came where a triumphal arch
Hung dark above their lonely way ;
And here they stayed their onward march,
And thus the swain did say :

“ Dost love me, Porcia ?—dost thy heart
Beat high at scenes and thoughts like these ?
Dost from thine eye the tear-drop start,
When thou dost fail to please ?

Then is thy tender love returned,
And blessing, art thou doubly blessed,
By him whose heart in secret burns,
To be by thee caressed.”

One sigh she gave—a deep drawn sigh ;
He saw her heaving bosom swell ;
She whispered, *yes*—and from her eye
A burning tear-drop fell.

They wandered on through orange groves,
And vineyards rich with Samian wine,
Commingling thus their mutual loves,
Their hands and hearts entwined.

Oh, love 's a treasure bright and rare,
Which none but he who feels it knows ;
One pure devoted heart to share,
What bliss from such communion flows !

Dark and more dark the shadows grew,
And lengthened o'er the dusky ground ;
But why should I the tale pursue—
They, happiness have found.

THE SULIOTE MAID.

ON a broken column,
 By the sounding sea,
 Sat a Suliote maiden,
 Weeping bitterly :
 On a broken column,
 There she sat alone,
 Weeping for her country,
 All its glory gone !

O'er her noble features,
 Ran the blush of pride ;
 She was fair and lovely,
 Full and Grecian eyed :
 Down upon her shoulders,
 That were all laid bare,
 Hung in graceful tresses,
 Locks of ebon hair.

Grecian skies were o'er her,
 Grecian isles around ;

Grecian seas before her,
 Her foot on Grecian ground :
Down upon her shoulders,
 That were all laid bare,
Hung in graceful tresses,
 Locks of ebon hair.

Grecian winds were blowing,
 Grecian sounds arose ;
Grecian waves were flowing,
 It was evening's close.
But the Grecian Genius
 That her poets fired,
Like the Grecian valor,
 It had long expired.

Land of chaste remembrance,
 Oh, my feelings yearn !
Land of bitter durance,
 All thy daughters mourn ;
Land of ancient greatness,
 Once secure and free ;
O beloved country !
 My heart yearns for thee.

Where is now thy minstrel,
Where the “Lyre and Sword ;”
Where the graphic pencil,
The noble deed and word ?
Where are now thy daughters,
Once secure and free ?
O beloved country !
My heart yearns for thee.

Fallen are thy banners,
Fallen is thy pride ;
Fallen are the honors,
Unto Greece allied ;
And the Grecian Genius
That her poets fired,
Like the Grecian valor,
It hath long expired.

Fast the shades are spreading,
Where the *ruins* lay ;
Fast the sun is shedding
Its departing ray ;
Fast thy fate is sealing,
Land that once was free ;

O beloved country !
My heart yearns for thee.

On a broken column,
By the sounding sea,
Sat a Suliote maiden,
Weeping bitterly :
On a broken column,
There she sat alone,
Weeping for her country,
All its glory gone !

THE PAPHIAN GROVE.*

Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit laeta suas.—VIRG.

SUPREMELY reigns the queen of Love,
 Mid the pensile boughs of the Paphian grove ;
 And forms of beauty all graceful move,
 And soft airs blow from the heavens above.

Supremely reigns the queen of Love,
 Mid the pensile boughs of the Paphian grove.

A mild, reflected and mellow light
 Shines out from among the glossy leaves ;
 And shifting shadows charm the sight,
 As the forest's foliage luxuriant heaves.

The gush of waters salutes the ear,
 And onward the rapid eddies go ;
 And down the steep descent they bear
 The irised bubbles in constant flow

* Ancient Paphos was a town in the island of Cyprus, sacred to Venus, the goddess and queen of beauty and love.

The Fauns and Dryades gather round,
And dip their limbs in the cooling tide ;
And Echo catches the gurgling sound,
In her caves, on the distant mountain's side.

The beech and maple entwine their roots,
And lock their branches in fond embrace ;
While their flowering tassels and tender shoots,
This sylvan temple of nature grace.

The rose and myrtle spring up around,
And o'er the landscape their fragrance shed ;
While every where, on the scented ground,
The violets bloom in their mossy bed.

Young Cupid here with his bow is seen,
And the turtle-dove pours forth her wail ;
And in the sunlight's silvery sheen,
Thick swarms of happy insects sail.

'T was here amid her blissful bowers,
The goddess of beauty Ascanius brought,
And crowned his head with a wreath of flowers,
While Love, disguised, queen Dido sought.

By the Cyprian shore, from the foamy sea,
As the ancient poets and minstrels tell,
The goddess of Beauty, all symmetry,
At first came forth from the opening shell.

Supremely reigns the queen of Love,
Mid the pensile boughs of the Paphian grove,
And forms of beauty all graceful move,
And soft airs blow from the heavens above.
Supremely reigns the queen of Love,
Mid the pensile boughs of the Paphian grove.

NOTE.—“By the Cyprian shore,” &c., see Class’l Dict’y, Art. VENUS.

EPITHALAMIUM.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and by the
hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love.

SOL. SONGS ii. 7.

“BREATHE soft, ye winds, ye waters gently flow,
Shield her, ye trees, ye flowers around her grow.”

Ye swains, I beg you pass in silence by,
My love in yonder vale asleep doth lie ;

Breathe soft, ye winds, ye waters gently flow,
Shield her, ye trees, ye flowers around her grow.

Ye scorching sunbeams, come not near my love,
But spend your fervor in the darkling grove ;
My love is warmed with friendship’s holy fire,
And thoughts of innocence her dreams inspire.

Ye mosses, evergreens and myrtle boughs,
Waving your foliage where the south wind blows,
Make for my love a cool refreshing bed—
Your soothing influence o’er her slumbers shied.

Ye vines that climb the rugged mountain's side,
And hang your clusters by the river's tide,
And form o'er garden-walks a rural bower,
Bend o'er her now, as at the twilight hour.

Ye leaves, that canopy her place of rest,
In all the pride of autumn's glory dressed,
Stir not, nor from your stems the dew-drops shake,
Until it please my gentle fawn to wake.

Ye damps, and chilly vapors of the night,
Touch not my love with your transforming blight ;
But from her solitude be absent far
The baleful light of each malignant star.

Ye guardian angels hovering round the earth,
Presiding over erring mortals' birth—
Spirits and ministers of heavenly things,
Protect my love beneath your sheltering wings.

“Breathe soft, ye winds, ye waters gently flow,
Shield her, ye trees, ye flowers around her grow.”
Ye swains, I beg you pass in silence by,
My love in yonder vale asleep doth lie.

Breathe soft, ye winds, ye waters gently flow,
Shield her, ye trees, ye flowers around her grow.

THE FOREST WALK.

THERE is a path in a mountain wood,
A path I've often trod alone ;
It leadeth to a silver flood,
Where herds and thirsty herdlings come.

It is not made by human art,
'T is seldom trod by human feet ;
In silence from the world apart,
It is a safe and cool retreat.

Thick hemlock boughs are overhead,
Ivy and bears-foot deck the ground ;
And partridge leaves and berries red,
Are scattered all around.

The mossy trunks of tall old trees,
Lift up their venerable forms,
And toss their branches in the breeze,
Proud, challenging the storms.

And there they stand, and there have stood,
Sapping the soil for many an age,
O'er-shadowing the silver flood,
That doth the herdings thirst assuage.

The woodman's axe hath not been there,
To hurl them from their palmy height ;
But the swift lightning here and there,
Hath left its withering blight.

Around this coy and cool retreat,
The summer's gentle breezes blow ;
And sheltered from the noon-tide heat,
It looks on all below.

And when the sere, autumnal frost,
Spreads over it her crimson pall,
The woods their leafy honors cast,
And to the earth they fall.

And when in winter's fiercer reign,
The vegetable kingdom dies ;
Both bird and beast forsake the plain,
And to its covert flies.

There is a path in a mountain wood,
A path I' ve often trod alone ;
It leadeth to a silver flood,
Where herds and thirsty herdlings come.

MOUNT AUBURN.

PAUSE, visitant, before thou enterest,
And read the inscription there upon the gate :

**"THEN SHALL THE DUST RETURN TO THE EARTH, AS IT WAS,
AND THE SPIRIT SHALL RETURN UNTO GOD, WHO GAVE IT."**

Words of Holy Writ—simple, but eloquent !
They breathe devotion and confiding trust,
And fit you for the contemplations that succeed.

"Return to earth!"—ah ! if it rested thus,
'T were sad to die, and mingle with the clod.
But this is not the whole of that consoling prophecy—
"The spirit shall return unto God who gave it."
In these last words is cheering hope and bliss.

The Egyptians reared huge monumental piles
Above the mouldering ashes of their dead,
And sculptured them with emblems of their Faith.
But it was not like ours—"a faith that makes alive."

They strove by every means of AEsculapian skill,
To stay the hand of Time, and wrest the spoils of
Death.

But these, relentless, kept their iron grasp,
And of their futile toil left scarce a name.

Among the Greeks, rich mausoleums rose,
And brazen urns contained their honored dead.
Columns, and pointed shafts, and costly cenotaphs,
Were frequent in the land of eloquence and song,
Of Doric symmetry and classic grace.
But these have dropped and faded, one by one,
And so have all their temples, and their gods.

Our Faith remains!—and in these hallowed tombs,
Beneath earth's garniture of trees and flowers,
We place the lifeless bodies of our friends,
To wait the judgment trump that wakes the dead.

Nature has lavished all her dainties here.
Here is the shady avenue, and winding path.
Here are the verdant meads and limpid pools,
Reflecting from their marge the o'er-arching boughs.
Here is the “congregation of the dead;”

And spirits in the stilly twilight come,
And talk with interest, on the affairs of men.
Above, beneath, around, is solemn grandeur.
The choral anthem, and the voice of prayer,
Rise up propitious from these hallowed shades.

How grateful, when the burning sun declines,
And tints with beauty all the circling hills,
Here to escape the infectious city's smoke—
The cares of business, mammon's greedy strife—
And hold communion with the voiceless past:
The ebb and flow of matter animate ;
The flux and reflux of the tide of time—
Of things that were, and things that are to come.

But lo ! the dazzling light has fled the glittering spires
And shining roofs of the metropolis ;
Still evening, with its dusky mantle, comes,
And overshadows all. Nothing is heard,
Save at short intervals the porter's dog,
And from the fen the frog's responsive note.
“ Expressive silence ! ”—fitting time and place
For feeble man “ to muse the Almighty's praise.”

THE MYSTERIES OF EARTH.

ENCLOSED in the shadowy caverns of earth,
Are wonderful things of mysterious birth,
 To delight the inquisitive eye ;
Rich gems of pure, unquenchable light,
With mineral ores of lustre bright,
 In scattered profusion lie.

'T is there a continual change goes on,
From the liquid mass to the crystal stone,
 By aid of eternal fire ;
'T is there the topaz receives its hue,
The adamant quartz its purple and blue,
 To gratify princely desire.

'T is there dendritic groves are made,
All interspersed with light and shade,
 By nature's plastic hand ;

From thence the healthful fountains flow,
Diverging as they gently go
To fertilize the land.

Strange products of another time,
Memorials of a scene sublime,
Are safely garnered there ;
Tenants of earth, of air and sea,
In close combined fraternity,
One common charnel share.

Thence, too, the marble columns come,
The fretted roof, the spacious dome—
The pride of Grecian art ;
The beacon pile, that fronts the storms,
The faultless busts of human forms,
That every grace impart.

'T is there metallic oxides grow,
By processes unseen and slow,
Deep buried in the mine ;
Brought up, and set in open sight,
They each absorb their kindred light,
And in their beauty shine.

Such are thy wondrous treasures, earth,
And such the places of their birth,
 And such the joys they give.
Such may our conversation be,
Of things that make for purity,
 Heaven's blessing to receive.

LINES DESCRIPTIVE OF A RURAL RESIDENCE.

By the side of the shore a farm-house stands,
With a lofty ridge, high, beetling o'er it ;
On the right are steep rocks, on the left are sands,
And a level green grass-plot spreads out before it ;
And youths and fair maidens oft thither repair,
To inhale the cool and refreshing sea air.

Behind this sequestered and charming spot,
There stands a memento of days gone by—
The grass-covered mounds of an ancient fort,
A part of our country's history ;
And youths and fair maidens oft here may be found,
Viewing with rapture the landscape around.

'Tis a choice retreat ; and the wooing breeze,
That kisses so gently the maiden's brow,
Flows freshly out from among green trees,

And tinges her cheek with a crimson glow ;
And the waves leap up from the open sea,
In wild and musical harmony.

Oh ! when with corroding care oppressed,
Fly, fly thee away from the haunts of men—
And hie thee here ; and thy laboring breast
Shall be soothed, and restored to peace again ;
And thy soul shall gather from earth, sea and sky,
Fresh proofs of its future high destiny.

But come not here with the thoughtless crowd,
Who, with giddy dance and ribald song,
And wine, and wassail, and laughter loud,
Far into night their mirth prolong ;
With the vulgar jest, and the scornful sneer,
And oaths profane, oh, come not here !

But come with the loved and the chosen *few*,
With those whose hearts beat like thine own ;
When the fields are glistening with morning dew,
Or ocean glows with the setting sun ;
Come and enjoy, by the moon's mellow light,
This rich repast—this glorious sight !

Thou shalt go away with thy bosom filled
With warmer interest for all that live ;
And the thought that beauty hath on thee smiled,
Shall an added charm to existence give ;
Thou shalt go away, and that spot shall be
Forever most dear to thy memory.

MY BIRTH PLACE.

WHERE fades in the distance both hill-top and fen,
And the foreground is set with the dwellings of men ;
Where lambkins and herdlings in pasturage roam,
Such was my birth place, such is my home.

Where the green open fields luxuriant lie,
And rivers of water are circling by ;
Where the blue ocean fringes its margin with foam,
Such was my birth place, such is my home.

Where the hill-plover hastens her dusky flight,
At the opening of morn, and the closing of night ;
Where heaven's bright drapery circles its dome,
Such was my birth place, such is my home.

Where the bald-eagle calls to her heroine mate,
As o'er her lone eyry she poises elate ;

Where the fox-hound is heard, and the sea-bitterns
come,

Such was my birth place, such is my home.

Sorrow and sighing are absent there,
And labor is blessed with the offering of prayer ;
For love is supreme to the Father and Son,
At the place of my birth, and the shrine of my home.

THE REGIONS OF SPACE.

WITHIN the circle of ethereal plains,
 The lightnings flash, the storm-winds sport and play ;
 Beyond that point, eternal silence reigns ;
 Light—Spirit—Deity !

The cold thin atmosphere bears not a wing
 Of insect or of bird ;
 Nature is there alone—no living thing
 Within that realm is heard !

Naught marks the hours and seasons as they pass—
 Summer or winter, morning, noon or night ;
 They know no place or name, no measuring glass
 Makes them apparent unto human sight.

Nature is there alone, except the rays
 Of irised light, that from their source come down ;
 And souls who, having spent their trial days,
 Unto their source return.

And these are noiseless, through heaven's vistas wide,
Upward and on, they hasten out of sight ;
And as in multitudes from earth they glide,
They seem the stars of night.

In former times 't was thought that out from thence,
Music was heard, most sweet to human ears ;
'T was said to come from heaven's high battlements,
Or else to be the chiming of the spheres.

But now we know that nothing dwelleth there ;
Not e'en the echoes of our earthly strife ;
Far, far below, they lose themselves in air—
In shoreless space—where dwells no breath of life.

A vast and deep, but not a stormy sea,
For there are neither clouds, or wind, or hail ;
A fixed and fathomless eternity ;
Of heaven's shrine the starry studded veil.

THE FIELDS OF UPPER AIR.

FAR over the region of winds and storms,
The sunlight sleeps in beautiful forms,
And colors of beautiful die ;
The place where all is divinely fair,
The fount of limpid, cerulean air,
Poured out from its caverns on high.

Beneath it the shadows of evening rest,
And clouds late risen from ocean's breast,
Fantastic unite in one ;
There 's orange and red, there 's purple and green,
For varying fancy, a varying sheen,
That rivals the crystalline stone.

The stars that illumine this upper space,
Are rich in the fulness of every grace,
And every beauty unfold ;

They shine enhanced with a lovelier hue,
From the Centre of light, amid canopied blue,
All vested in crimson and gold.

This store-house of ether, this garner of snows,
Where every pearl-drop invisible goes,
And is nightly congealed into frost ;
How healthful, how airy, how open and free !
How full of dendritical imagery,
The winter-wood's glittering boast !

From thence in the pride of the harvest-moon,
Rich, copious floods of light come down ;
And thence in the calm of summer's noon,
The rain is thickly strewn.

Thence came of tokens bright and grand,
The glories of this glorious earth ;
The bounties of a bounteous hand,
The treasures of a “second birth ;”
And spirits in their new abode,
Are ever with the Father, God.

POEMS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

BREATHINGS OF THE HEART.

" My blood flows fresh, my soul finds food,
I roam the world at large ;
And Nature—smiles she not most good ?
She holds my heart in charge."

GOETHE.

OH ! thus that I might ever be ;
 Oh ! thus that I might roam,
And find on earth sweet sympathy,
 In every heart a home ;
In every home a kindred heart,
 In every heart a joy ;
Supreme and blessed in every part,
 Unmixed with sin's alloy.

The Good—the Beautiful—the True—
 For them my spirit glows ;

Feasting on pleasures ever new,
Oh ! there would I repose ;
Where blend in one on Nature's face,
The lovely and the wild ;
There would I my affections place,
In confidence a child.

Where Art with tints almost divine
Gives life to lifeless forms,
And pictures forth with graphic line
The spirit's lofty charms ;
The high, and wide expanded brow,
The eye that Genius fires ;
The lip whence eloquence doth flow ;
To such my soul aspires.

Who knows the mysteries of the heart ?
Its hidden depths who knows ?
The fount whence joyous feelings start,
And the sorrowing tear-drop flows ;
Who knows the rapt mysterious ties
That wedded unions bind,
When souls of kindred sympathies
In holy wedlock join ?

The past—would we but read its page—
Would teach us how to live ;
Wise apothegms and counsels sage,
For our instruction give ;
The past—whence comes the warning voice,
The present hour improve—
The present hour !—perchance the last,
Vouchsafed by Heaven's love.

Earth's painted bubbles upward rise,
And in the sunshine float ;
Anon they vanish—in the skies
A world seems but a mote.
So states and empires rise and set ;
Planets and moons decay,
And stars and princely coronets,
Alike shall fade away.

Go, where in an eternal flood
The rushing cataract pours ;
Go dream in sad and pensive mood,
By ocean's sounding shores :
Go, where the hemlock and the oak
Lift up their shadowy forms,

And fearless brave the lightning's stroke,
The whirlwind and the storms.

Where, mid the halls and cavern-deeps
Of ocean's gloomy caves,
The billows kiss the craggy steeps,
And the fan-coral waves ;
Where, wasted over India's isles,
The spicy breezes blow,
And the blue heavens are decked with smiles,
Oh ! there I fain would go.

Oh ! thus that I might ever be ;
Oh ! thus that I might roam,
And find on earth sweet sympathy,
In every heart a home ;
In every home a kindred heart,
In every heart a joy ;
Supreme and blessed in every part,
Unmixed with sin's alloy.

ASPIRATIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ.

Seneca De Tranquil Anim., cap. xv.

I 'm mad from the impulse of noble thoughts ;
 My soul burns inward with holy fire ;
 Each thrilling member the flame hath caught,
 And I to heroic deeds aspire.
 I glow, I glow for all below ;
 For all my heart's warm gushings flow.

For the cause of man and the cause of Truth,
 And the holy promise of early youth ;
 For each, for all, I glow, I glow ;
 For all my heart's warm gushings flow.
 My soul burns inward with holy fire,
 And I to heroic deeds aspire.

To deeds of honor, and deeds of arms ?
 To deeds of carnage, and war's alarms ?
 Oh ! not for such—Oh, no !—Oh, no !

'T is not for such I pant and glow.
I glow, I glow for *man* below ;
For him my heart's warm gushings flow.

I glow, I glow for man below,
For the victims of sorrow and slaves of sin ;
For such as the Saviour's blood did flow,
And over Death the victory win.
Oh! how shall my feelings expression find,
All unrestricted and unconfined.

I 'll gird the armor of warfare on,
And throw myself in the thickest fight ;
And trust to the prowess of Truth alone,
Safely to guard, and to guide me right.
I 'll gird the armor of warfare on,
And trust to the prowess of Truth alone.

I 'll throw myself in the thickest fight,
Where the battle prize is a "crown of light;"
And garlands of fresh undying bays
Are his, who merits the victor's praise.
My soul burns inward with holy fire,
And I to heroic deeds aspire.

My soul seems bursting away from earth ;
It mounts the clouds and the storm-wind's car,
And is borne on the pinions of breezy mirth,
O'er the realms of creation, afar, afar.

My soul seems bursting away from earth,
To be higher and nearer its place of birth.

I'm mad from the impulse of noble thought ;
In silence and reverence I gaze around,
While from the dark heavens across and thwart,
Bright rivers of radiance come flashing down.
They pour upon me with kindling ray,
And on their swift currents I'm borne away.

I'm borne away to the spirit-land,
And back through periods and ages flown,
To the time when chaos the green earth spanned,
And all was dreary and dark and lone.
I'm borne away to the spirit-land,
To the time when chaos the green earth spanned.

I'll go where Nature her revel holds,
In secret covert, and shadowy halls ;
Where the wild winds rush, and the wild wave rolls,

And the thunders burst, and the cataract falls.
 I'll go where Nature her revel holds,
 Where the wild winds rush, and the wild wave rolls.

I'll go where Nature her revel holds,
 And list to her eloquent teachings there ;
 Perchance to be wrapped in her shadowy folds,
 Perchance her mysterious gifts to share.
 I'll go where Nature her revel holds,
 Where the wild winds rush, and the wild wave rolls.

I'm mad from the impulse of noble thought ;
 Genius of Grandeur ! thou rulest me now ;
 With godlike passions my soul is fraught,
 And a glory illuminates my aching brow.
 I'm mad from the impulse of noble thought,
 With godlike passions my soul is fraught.

Genius of Beauty ! whose power is felt
 O'er the wide, wide earth, and the wide, wide sea ;
 Genius, to whom my soul has knelt,
 In moments of rapturous ecstasy—
 Heaven-born Genius ! I hail thy form,
 With glowing thoughts, and affections warm.

Heaven-born Genius ! I hail thy form,
In the mad career of the winter's storm ;
In the gentle dew and refreshing shower,
That shines and trembles on leaf and flower.
Genius of Beauty ! I've knelt to thee,
In moments of rapturous ecstasy.

And shall these passions avail me naught—
And shall I fail of the objects sought ?
Shall the flame once lighted again grow dim,
Like the glory of fallen Seraphim ?
Shall my heart's warm gushings cease to flow
For my fellow man ?—Oh, no !—Oh, no !

Sooner than prove to this heavenly gift
A recreant traitor, false of soul,
And barren as iceberg hills, that lift
Their freezing forms at the freezing pole,
Like *them* I'll breast life's stormy sea,
And in the rough conflict cease to be.

I'm mad from the impulse of noble thought ;
Oh ! how shall my feelings expression find ;
And when will they rest on the objects sought,

All unrestricted and unconfined.
I glow, I glow for all below ;
For all, my heart's warm gushings flow.

My soul seems bursting away from earth,
To be higher and nearer its place of birth.
Heaven-born Genius ! I hail thy form,
With glowing thoughts and affections warm.
Genius of Beauty ! I bow to thee,
With feelings of rapturous ecstasy.

“I THIRST FOR BEAUTY.”

I THIRST for Beauty ; and my soul
Drinks in her streams of rosy light ;
Her visions come without control,
E'en at the silent hour of night.

I thirst for Beauty ; and her voice
Salutes my ear on every gale ;
Her tones my sinking heart rejoice,
In sweet yet melancholy wail.

I thirst for Beauty ; and my eye
Beholds her robe of gorgeous hue,
In the bright tints of evening’s sky,
And in the morning’s glittering dew.

I thirst for Beauty ; and I feel
Soft raptures thrill through every vein ;
And o'er my trembling system steal
Joys so intense ’t is almost pain.

I thirst for Beauty ; Nature's face
 Is fraught to me with glowing charms ;
 And in each lineament I trace
 Benevolence, that cheers and warms.

I thirst for Beauty ; and to me
 Lives every cold and lifeless thing ;
 I clasp with love each flower and tree,
 And to each form of matter cling.

I thirst for Beauty ; poesy
 For me her brightest page doth turn,
 And pours enchanting harmony,
 "In thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

I thirst for Beauty, pure, and high,
 And chastened, as the "chaste in heart,"
 E'en like the faultless symmetry
 We gaze upon in works of Art.

Beauty—that bright and cheering ray,
 From the effulgent beams of Him,
 Before the fulness of whose way,
 All other radiant orbs are dim.

LINES TO S. W. G.*

LADY ! I cannot write of *him* ;
 My thoughts, unconscious, turn to *thee* ;
 And when I would the work begin,
 Thy charms and virtues hinder me.

Do I essay, with rhyming art,
 To bring *his* cherub form to view,
 Aside the fancied image starts,
 And leaves me gazing still on *you*.

Would I attempt, with fitting words,
 To weave of *him* a graphic spell,
Thy presence touches deeper cords,
 And haunts me ; why, I cannot tell.

* The above poem was written in compliance with the request of a beautiful and accomplished lady, that the author would write some lines on her infant son.

Lady ! a mother's chastened cheek
Hath beauty that a child's hath not ;
And from her eye a lustre breaks,
That 's not so easily forgot.

A mildness and a gentle tone
Pervades her spirit—self-subdued
Her heart hath many a wish foregone,
And tearless many a hope renewed.

Lady ! the *boy* is well enough,
The *mother* claims the poet's lyre ;
And though the strain be rude and rough,
'T is wakened by a poet's fire.

Excuse the strain, though it be rude,
Nor ask a yet more polished lay ;
For know the minstrel, if he could,
Would purge its every dross away—

Would sing in Echo's airy note,
In cadence of the whispering wind,
And round the earth thy praise should float,
And every where admirers find.

Lady ! I know, or think I know,
A part of that which mothers feel ;
A part of that unbosomed glow,
Which though they try, they can't conceal.

'T is high, 't is holy, heavenly, pure,
The virgin gush of woman's love ;
It will through endless time endure,
Nor age nor space its hold can move.

And if within this clod of earth,
One pulse-throb rules, absorbs the rest,
It is that she, who gave me birth,
May be with every blessing blessed.

Lady ! you have my sympathy,
And so has he, thy darling son ;
My prayer that wheresoe'er he be,
His steps in Virtue's paths may run.

You have my thanks for kindness shown,
My gratitude for favors past ;
My confidence securely won—
Love's first, best offering, and its last.

Lady ! I will not say adieu,
For I shall see thee oft ; and thou
Art one of those whose precious view,
Thyself though absent, lights my brow.

God bless thee, Lady ! bless thy store,
And bless the partner of thy care ;
He has blessed him forevermore,
In granting him thy hand to share.

The bard, with measures dull and slow,
Who now thy praise attempts to sing,
Hath little bright on earth below,
And little that heaven's morn can bring.

With him, one self-approving deed,
Whole scores of sordid acts outweighs ;
To be a friend in time of need,
Is more to him, than crowns and bays.

And if by this avowed regard,
His debt is part, though poorly paid,
He asks for no more sweet reward,
Than that of him it may be said,

He had a taste for things refined,
He could appreciate moral worth ;
He cast all meaner cares behind,
And was a pilgrim on the earth.

He prized a sympathetic soul,
And if beloved, could love in turn ;
Knew when his passions to control,
And when to let their ardor burn.

And come of ill what may or can,
To mortal hope on this side death,
He will demean himself a man,
Nor prove a recreant to his *faith* ;
He 'll worship Worth, though valued naught,
And Truth, though truth be little sought.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

WEAR not the mourning crape for me,
Or weed, or badge, or scarf, or veil,
As though such useless trumpery,
Could aught the sleeping dead avail.

Wear not the mourning crape for me,
When death shall set my spirit free.

Wear not the mourning crape for me,
And weep not bitterly, but say,
This soul has gone exultingly,
Up to the spirit-realm of day.

Wear not the mourning crape for me,
And offer up no lengthened prayer;
But to its resting silently,
Without regret, my body bear.

Wear not the mourning crape for me,
But plant my grave with fragrant flowers,
And heaven with kindly sympathy
Shall water it with dews and showers.

Wear not the mourning crape for me ;
It is not meet to weep for those
Who, by Heaven's stern and fixed decree,
The record of life's sufferings close.
Wear not the mourning crape for me,
When death shall set my spirit free.

LINES TO —.*

THOU art hastening on to the spirit-land,
 Thou maiden, young and fair ;
 Thou art hastening on to the spirit-land,
 Thy *brother* waits thee there ;
 Thou art hastening on to the spirit-land,
 Naught can avert thy fate,
 Though round thy couch fond kindred stand,
 Weeping disconsolate.

Oh ! beauteous in decay art thou—
 Most beauteous in decay ;
 But the glow of health that lights thy brow
 Will quickly fade away ;
 The hectic flush that tints thy cheek,
 Hides the *destroyer* there.

* The above poem was occasioned by the author's acquaintance with a worthy and accomplished young lady, fast failing in a pulmonary consumption ; two of whose family, a brother and sister, had died of the same complaint.

Thou art hastening on to the spirit-land,
Thou maiden, young and fair.

Thou art hastening on ; but few more suns,
With night's revolving shade,

Thy sleepless couch will shine upon,
Ere we behold thee dead.

As autumn woods more bright appear,
When smitten with decay,
So thou dost grow more beautiful,
As thy life-blood ebbs away.

Thou art hastening on ; above thy grave
Soon will the tall grass grow,
And winter robe thy resting place
With a winding sheet of snow.

Thou art hastening on to the spirit-land,
Thou maiden, young and fair ;

Thou art hastening on to the spirit-land,
Thy *sister* waits thee there.

Thou art hastening on ; with sorrowing look
We see thee droop and die ;
While burning tears bedew our cheeks,
Our breasts oft heave a sigh.

We mourn thee as already dead,
Thou sainted, holy one ;
The bow hath sprung, the arrow sped ;
Yes, thou art hastening on.

Thou art hastening on to the spirit-land ;
We may not call thee back—
We may not stay thy upward flight,
Or dim thy shining track.
Thou art hastening on to the spirit-land,
Thou maiden, young and fair ;
Thou art hastening on to the spirit-land,
Thy SAVIOUR waits thee there.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL earth!—your bright adorning,

All your lovely scenes, adieu.

Farewell earth!—heaven's radiant morning

Meets my soul's enraptured view.

Farewell all those pleasant places

Where my youthful footsteps roved,

All those dear familiar faces,

Friends with pure affection loved.

Farewell earth—my father, mother!

You who have my guardians been.

Farewell earth—my sisters, brother!

Cleanse, O God, my heart from sin.

Farewell all my young companions!

You who have my friendship known;

Now my spirit plumes her pinions—

Now I trust in God alone.

Farewell earth!—it does not grieve me

Thus to leave these joys behind—

Joys most dear, but heaven will give me
Nobler pleasures of the mind.

There the song of ransom chanting,
I God's mysteries shall learn ;
Naught repining, nothing wanting,
Near the throne a seraph burn.

Farewell earth !—again I give you
All a *long* and *last* farewell !
Weep not her who now must leave you ;
She ascends in heaven to dwell.
Love, with an increased affection,
All below and all above.
God will sanctify affliction ;
God is mercy—God is love.

Now the ties of earth are riven,
Jesus fold me to thy breast !
Feed me with the “bread of heaven,”
Number me among the blest.
Oh, my trusting spirit 's longing
To behold its future home ;
Saints and angels round me thronging ;
Come, dear Jesus, quickly come !

TRIBUTE TO —.

“ Holy hath been our converse, gentle friend,
 Full of high thoughts, breathing of heavenward hope,
 Deepened by tenderest memories of the dead ;
 Therefore beyond the grave I surely deem
 That we shall meet again.”

SHELLEY

I CAME to weep at the lowly grave
 Of one who shared my love ;
 I came to weep, and strew with flowers,
 The fragrant turf above.
 I came to weep, but smiling there
 A white-robed seraph shone,
 Saying, “ weep not her whose dust lies here—
 She’s happy, near the throne.”

I came to weep ; the joyous stars
 Looked bright and mildly down,
 And the soft and gentle tears of night
 Bedewed the sculptured stone.
 I came to weep, when oh, methought,
 High in her blessed abode,

I heard my love's melodious voice,
Praising her maker God.

Oh ! if the spirits of the just
Surround our daily path,
And still retain the consciousness
That human nature hath,
My —— will not be displeased
To hear my humble lay ;
She 'll tune her lyre in sweet accord,
Mid realms of endless day.

My —— ! yes, I see her there ;
She wears the same fond look
She bent on me, when at the door
That last adieu she spoke.
O —— ! fondly cherished here,
And cherished still in heaven,
If I in aught have done thee wrong,
I pray to be forgiven.

I loved thee with an ardent love,
But I knew the hectic bloom,
That lit thy flushed and glowing cheek,
Had marked thee for the tomb.

I knew thy light and slender form

An early grave bespoke.

'T was so—"the silver cord is loosed,

The golden bowl is broke."

And I am lonely here on earth ;

I would not wish to stay,

Amid these hollow, heartless scenes,

Too long from heaven away ;

I would be with thee, oh my love.

O Father ! bid me come,

That I my constancy may prove,

In an eternal home.

But hush ! be still, presumptuous thought !

Wait the appointed hour ;

Weep, labor, toil and struggle on,

Be patient and endure ;

Then shalt thou have the bright reward

That 's promised to the good,

If thou dost meekly bear thy Cross,

And trust in Jesus' blood.

I came to weep ; the evening winds

In accents wild swept by,

And uttered forth soft requiem tones,

In soothing symphony.

I came to weep ; but all around

Was bright with heavenly joy,

And adoration, prayer, and praise,

Became my sweet employ.

Blow soft, ye winds, o'er ——'s grave,

And lightly fall ye snows ;

A fitting shroud to cover her,

In this her last repose ;

For she on earth like you was pure ;

She's happy now in heaven ;

Gone to receive the " promises "

To christian virtue given.

Weep for the partner of thy love,

My grief-worn spirit, weep ;

And bending o'er her lowly grave,

Thy nightly vigils keep ;

For though the stars look kindly down,

My heart is sad and lone ;

I miss thee from my daily path,

My loved, my cherished one.

IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION TO WOMAN.

“ Oh ! what is woman—what her smile,
 Her lip of love, her eyes of light ;
 What is she, if her lips revile
 The lowly Jesus ? Love may write
 His name upon her marble brow,
 And linger in her curl of jet ;
 The light spring flowers may scarcely bow
 Beneath her step, and yet—and yet,
 Without that meeker grace, she ’ll be
 A lighter thing than vanity.”

WILLIS.

SHALL she for whom the Saviour came,
 And for whose sins the Saviour bled—
 Shall she, without the blush of shame,
 Bring ignominy on his head ?
 Though robed in purple and in gold,
 Though all the graces in her shine,
 And by their fond allurements hold
 Love’s votaries at her worshipped shrine,
 Her reign, without Religion’s power,
 Is but the triumph of an hour.

Man—scarcely can my lips restrain
My indignation—*man* may cast
Off all restraint—God's name profane,
With curses louder than the blast,
And claim, forsooth, as a reward,
The tribute of the world's regard :
But woman, if the name she bears
Be tarnished by a single breath,
Despite of her repentant tears,
“ It is an atmosphere of death.”

Was woman earliest at the grave,
To hail the resurrection morn ?
Did she Christ's dying words receive ?
And shall she treat her Lord with scorn ?
To Him her present rank she owes,
As man's fond partner, consort, friend ;
Then when oppressed with cares and woes,
In adoration should she bend,
Low at his feet—and on his arm
Lean for support, with feelings warm.

Go, woman, latest, fairest made—
Go, in the flush of early youth,

Acknowledge Christ, "the church's head;"
Bow down before the God of Truth.
Go, when thy pulse beats full and high,
A virgin or a blushing bride,
An idol of idolatry,
Thy parents joy, thy husband's pride.
Go learn the doctrines of the Cross,
And count thy righteousness but dross.

"Oh ! what is woman—what her smile,
Her lip of love, her eyes of light ;
What is she, if her lips revile
The lowly Jesus ? Love may write
His name upon her marble brow,
And linger in her curl of jet ;
The light spring flowers may scarcely bow
Beneath her step, and yet—and yet,
Without that meeker grace, she 'll be
A lighter thing than vanity."

DESCRIPTION OF AN ANCIENT PAINTING,
SUPPOSED TO BE A LIKENESS OF ST.
AGNES.

SHE was a lovely being, such an one
As rarely deigns to tarry long on earth.
Indeed, as you behold her picture drawn,
Her brow is raised, her pleading eyes upturned,
As though she now held intercourse with heaven.
One hand—if I forget not—leans upon a book ;
Perchance, the “ Book of Prayer.” The other rests,
In graceful posture, on a brocade dress,
And holds a handkerchief, designed, may be,
To staunch and wipe away the penitential tear.

Those who have looked upon that countenance,
I dare, with full assurance, to predict,
Will long retain its image in their minds,
And love to call it up in after life ;
So much of holy trust is pictured there.
'Tis not a face expressive of delight,
Of grasping thought, and giant intellect ;

But there's a certain meek, imploring air,
Peculiarly its own, that wins the heart.
'Tis so unlike those every day attempts
We see in galleries and gilt edged books,
One cannot but be pleased, who contemplates the work.

The artist is unknown ; but this is evident,
He was among earth's truly favored sons,
And had the gift of genius bountifully bestowed,
Thus to embody forth his fair original.
But then, perhaps, 't is but a fancy sketch ;
The bright creation of an ardent mind ;
As poets sometimes form ideal characters,
And give them all the attributes of life.
But we prefer to think it otherwise.
Still, for aught we can affirm, it may be so.

Its history is short, and quickly told.
'T was rescued on one bleak November's day,
From the old cast-off lumber of an auction room,
And thence transferred into its present place.
Who were its former owners, how it came there,
And what bright being drawn to represent,
Remains, as long it must, an utter secret.

The worthy gentleman, whose rare good luck
It was to purchase it, holds it above all price ;
And loves to point it out to stranger guests,
And dwell upon its reverential mien,
And with devotion call it holy Agnes.
Whether the name be true or false, it matters not,
So long as it affords the fancy scope,
And in the well known life of that renowned saint,
And in the emblematic painting here,
There are so many points of marked coincidence.

Her private history is written thus,
In old black-letter books, with iron clasps :

“ She was the daughter of a nobleman,
And when a child, became disgusted with
The pomp of state, and fled her father’s house,
To lead a separate and religious life.
She travelled into different countries,
And spent her time in acts of charity.
Once, ’t is said, she found an aged and decrepit man,
Half-famished in the wilds, and gave him sustenance.
Once paid the ransom of a captive Frank ;
And once released a prisoner from his chains.”

To give a full account of her exploits,
(All which perhaps are but the tales of monks,) Would fill the crowded pages of a book.
Suffice it then to say, they speak a feeling heart,
And such as would impress a generous breast
With holy, calm, confiding lineaments.
And this is why it was not deemed amiss,
To give the painting here before us spread,
The consecrated name of "HOLY AGNES."

THE BETROTHMENT.

“ MARY, I take thy hand, and promise here,
Upon my sacred honor as a man,
Before the great, the ever-living God,
Henceforth to love no other.

“ And wouldst thou hear
How the adorer of thy matchless charms,
Will bear himself towards thee in thy marriage state ?
All store of knowledge he has gained from men,
Shall be thy gift in holy confidence,
To guard thy pathway from their artful wiles.
All store of wisdom he has learned from books,
He ’ll teach to thee, to aid thy upward course,
Through flowery paths of fancy’s bright imaginings.
Religiously he ’ll keep his plighted troth,
And share with thee his most exquisite joys.
His partner thou shalt be in strictest sense,
And thy advice his chart and beacon-light.
In Fashion’s gay saloon of beauty’s rivalry,

He shall not be ashamed that thou art there.
If friends and fickle fortune cast him off,
Thy love shall be his refuge and his feast ;
Thy bosom's sanctuary his place of rest.
And when thou dost grow feeble and infirm,
And lose the maiden freshness of thy cheek,
Thou shalt not weep thy husband's lost affections ;
His ' banner over thee ' shall still be ' love.'
In sickness he will watch around thy couch,
Devotedly administering to all thy wants.
His study shall be what will please thee most ;
His life a kind compliance to thy will.
And wilt thou, in exchange for love like this,
Give up *thyself*, a freewill offering ? ”

“ William, I yield the gift, and take in turn
The hand thou offerest, and pledge thee here my love.
Thou, indeed, to me shalt be the sturdy oak,
And I to thee will be the yielding vine,
And clasp my tendrils round thy firmer strength.
And should misfortune's threatening tempest lower,
Its thunder-stroke shall spend itself on me,
And leave thy nobler majesty unscathed.
Thy name, thy interest, and thy praise is mine ;

I ask no honor, but what comes from thee ;
I ask no pleasure, that thou dost not share.
With woman's weakness will I shelter thee,
And guard the fair escutcheon of thy fame.
Should deeds of valor stimulate thy breast,
I'll urge thee on to laudable emprise,
And smooth thy pathway to the goal of fame ;
Nor shall it e'er be said, I made thee *less* a man.
The mother of thy children, it shall be my task
To train their minds to love of virtuous life ;
To watch with tender care their budding intellects,
And point them to the way that leads to heaven.

" And oh, my husband, should it ever be,
(Which God in his kind providence forbid,)
That thou shouldst swerve from thine integrity,
And stand upon the brink of moral death,
My gentle influence shall be near thee then,
To stay, if possible, thy downward course ;
My soul shall melt in tears for thy recovery ;
My prayers shall be to thee a healing balm,
If fervent, humble prayers in heaven avail.
Our destinies are one ; here in the innocence
Of youth and love, in adoration and in

Holy trust, let us kneel down and pray,
For aid and strength to keep our marriage vows.
Father of light ! whose wisdom doth uphold
This goodly universe, vouchsafe to hear our prayers,
Aid our devotions, humble, but sincere,
And touch thy servants' hearts with sacred love.
Watch over and protect our dawning hopes,
And fill the measure of our blessedness.
Guard, guide and govern this our untried way ;
O'ershadow us with thy protecting wings,
And make our souls a temple fitting Thee."

THE TWO BIRDS.

I saw in spring, two beauteous birds
Perched 'mid the foliage of a tree ;
And heard the blithe and joyous words
That each to other seemed to say :
 “ I love you, if you love me,”
They each to other seemed to say.

“ I love you, if you love me,”
And we'll be happy here together ;
And this our joyous home shall be,
In sunshine and in stormy weather :
 “ I love you, if you love me,”
They each to other seemed to say.

They built a safe commodious nest,
Screened by thick leaves and verdurous boughs,
And here at night-fall came to rest,
And breathe in song their nuptial vows :
 “ I love you, if you love me,”
Their artless music seemed to say.

“ I love you—do you love me ? ”
Young Frederic to Eliza said ;
I love you, if you love me ;
Say—wilt thou me, Eliza, wed ?
I love you, if you love me ;
Say, you love me as I love thee.

“ I love you, if you love me , ”
Methought I heard fond echo say,
And we to-night will married be,
And to our cottage flee away.
“ I love you, if you love me , ”
What more could faithful echo say ?

DIFFERENT TEMPERAMENTS.

GIRLS there are of roguish eye,
Blushing cheek, and winning sigh,
Buoyant spirits, full of glee ;
Such, in sport, the girl for me.

Others there are of different turn—
Eyes that languish, and eyes that burn,
Hearts that swell in accents free,
And those, too, are the girls for me.

Some there are whose presence warms,
Bewitching life with fairy charms,
Courting favors blissfully—
Angel ones are they to me.

But there are those of vacant look,
Colder than sheen of winter brook,
Haughty carriage, stubborn knee—
Such are not the girls for me.

I hate the girl, whose only boon
Is beauty's vain, illusive noon :
I love the one, whose kisses free,
Sweetly tell that she loves me.

THE WIND-HARP.

A REMINISCENCE.

MORN on the open casement shone—
Morn fragrant, fresh and fair ;
There came a mild and gentle one,
And placed a wind-harp there—
A lovely, mild and gentle girl,
The friend of him who sings ;
The zephyrs kissed her floating curls,
And woke the wind-harp's strings.

Oh ! would I were the wind, that I
Might kiss her blushing brow,
And feel with rapturous ecstasy,
Her heaving bosom's glow,
And bathe me in her warm caress,
And sing with plaintive tones,
Her unsurpassing loveliness,
To Virtue's listening ones.

But this were vain. Oh ! would I were
Her husband, and could wake
The rapturous thoughts of love in her,
I've suffered for her sake ;
And be to her that vision bright,
That antidote to sin,
That "burning and that shining light,"
That she to me hath been.

Oh ! pleasant are the sunny hours
Of young Love's early dreams,
Life's pathway strewn with fragrant flowers,
A bright enchantment seems ;
But Age comes on with chilling power,
And breaks the magic spell.
Fond youth ! enjoy the present hour ;
The future none can tell.

THE REQUEST.

A FANCY SKETCH.

SAY, wilt thou give thy heart to me,
If I will give thee mine,
In all its maiden purity,
My beauteous Emeline ?
I know thou wilt, my only love—
I know it by thy smile ;
So I will sit me down by thee,
And clasp thy hand awhile.

There's beauty in the diamond gem,
And in the evening sky ;
But they are not so pure to me,
As is thy speaking eye—
So full of angel blessedness,
And of such chastened light,
That one might sit and gaze at thee,
Throughout the live-long night.

Oh! do not be so cruel,
So like a roguish girl,
As to conceal its lustre
Behind that ebon curl;
For there's no rough intruding,
No ear of listener by,
And naught to break the solitude,
But only *you* and *I*.

I know you love me, Emeline;
Yes, I have known it long,
E'en from when first you saw me
Among the gathered throng;
And now I give my heart to thee—
Oh! don't refuse me thine—
In all its maiden purity,
My beauteous Emeline.

Together then we'll spend the night;
Together spend the day;
Together tread the scented fields,
Among the new mown hay,
And gather hedge-bush roses,
And wreaths of eglantine,
In all their maiden purity,
My beauteous Emeline.

TO EMMA.

THERE is a sacred, nameless joy,
That comes of feeling we are loved;
'T is like the memory of the dead,
Whose kindness we have proved.
Like that, 't is often mixed with grief;
The more, if when our bosoms burn,
Fate hath so fixed our destiny,
We dare not love in turn.
We love, but fear to own the flame,
Lest that a double grief should prove,
And should new pangs of sorrow bring,
To those who claim our love.

Why is it thus, that we are doomed
To win to us confiding hearts,
Only, indeed, as it would seem,
To break them when we part.
So great the anguish thus I've felt,
For friends and dear companions' sake,

That I have often half resolved
 No friendships more to make ;
But like a hermit or a nun,
 Far from the paths by mortals trod,
To live secluded from the world,
 And give my soul to God.

But that were wrong, for we were made
 For generous fellowship with man,
And by kind words and looks and deeds,
 To do what good we can—
To foster feeble, helpless age,
 Restrain impetuous, ardent youth,
And with an apostolic zeal,
 To advocate the Truth ;
With faith and charity and love,
 To “fill the measure of our days ;”
And as our fathers did of old,
 Give unto God the praise.

So may thy life, fond Emma, glide,
 As zephyrs glide o'er summer sea ;
And to some loving, virtuous youth,
 May thou a partner be ;

To bless him in his noon-day toil—
To bless him in his evening rest,
Leaning, with holy confidence,
Thy head upon his breast.
For me the future hath in store
A far less enviable lot,
To live, perchance, again to love ;
To die, and be forgot.

LINES TO L. E. C.

THE thoughtless crowd, with giddy feet,
To Fashion's haunts may idly roam,
From house to house, from street to street ;
But we 'll be happy here at home.

We have our books, and good coal fire ;
We have kind hearts, from envy freed,
With moderate wants, and few desires ;
What better can we ask or need.

The man of trade may toil for gold,
The politician toil for fame ;
We toil for wealth that can't be told,
Content—far brighter than a name.

Our consciences are clean from guilt,
Our minds from wan, corroding care ;
Come ye, who have their gnawings felt,
And these our home-bought blessings share.

The *meanly* rich, and falsely great,
Know nothing of our simple joys—
Know nothing of that blissful state,
Which no repentant pang alloys.

The southron stretched beneath the shade,
Lives by the sweat of others' toil ;
We ask for no such guilty aid,
Though doomed to till a barren soil.

The seaman bound to foreign clime,
Thinks of our social, calm delights,
And longs for the appointed time,
To spend with us his winter nights.

Though in our land the traveller finds
No sunny hills with vineyards dressed,
New England men, New England minds,
New England habits, are the best.

LYRICAL PIECES.

ODE TO MUSIC.

Thou art cheering—thou art saddening ;
Thou art soothing—thou art gladdening ;
Frenzy nursing—spirit maddening ;

Music in thy sway ;

Thou of old from Orpheus' lyre,
Thou from the Æolian choir,
Didst the heroic bards inspire,
With many a roundelay.

Now in liquid numbers trilling ;
Now in far off echoes rilling ;
Now with silvery cadence filling ;

Wide the viewless air :

Whither comes it ? sweet emotion !

Placid as the heart's devotion,
Or the lull of murmuring ocean,
When the skies are fair.

Hark ! I hear the clarion ringing—
Hark ! the bugle's note is springing
Into life, and gladness flinging
Over land and sea :
Now it comes in even measure—
Now more hurried—now at leisure ;
Oh ! it gives exquisite pleasure,
Swelling joyously.

When the storm of battle rages,
And sights of death man's thoughts engages,
Thou the soldier's fear assuages—
Thou dost urge him on :
Thou dost greet him, safe returning,
Where the festal torch is burning ;
In the calm of peace sojourning,
Victory's laurels won.

Oh ! be absent earthly feeling,
From the blisses now revealing ;

Raptures o'er my senses stealing—
Melody of sound :
Now it comes in even measure—
Now more hurried—now at leisure ;
Oh ! it gives exquisite pleasure,
Bursting all around.

ROAM O'ER THE SEA.

Roam o'er the sea, roam o'er the sea,
Roam o'er the billowy sea ;
Where the joyous winds are piping loud,
And the waves are dashing free ;
Where the skilful mariner steers the ship,
Mid reefs and coral strands,
And the mermaid on the hidden rocks,
With kindly warning stands.

Roam o'er the sea, roam o'er the sea,
Roam o'er the billowy sea ;
Where the white swan breasts the azure flood,
And mounts majestically ;
Where down beneath the gushing tide,
The sporting dolphins play ;
And leviathan's huge, ponderous bulk,
Basks in the noon-tide ray.

Roam o'er the sea, roam o'er the sea,
Roam o'er the billowy sea ;
Where the refluent surge the sea-plants lift,
Softly and gracefully ;
Where spicy odors scent the gales,
And the heavens are decked with smiles ;
And summer through the year prevails,
Mid India's palm-crowned isles.

Roam o'er the sea, roam o'er the sea,
Roam o'er the billowy sea ;
The anthem of whose deafening roar,
Rolls on eternally ;
Where gallant navies, in their might,
Oft meet their valiant foes,
And battle for their country's right,
Till ruddy evening's close.

Roam o'er the sea, roam o'er the sea,
Roam o'er the billowy sea ;
Where the moonlight on the peaceful wave
Shines forth benignantly ;
And beauteous as the eye of love,
Smiles out the evening star,

And sheds its mellow, chastened light,
O'er hill and vale afar.

Roam o'er the sea, roam o'er the sea,
Roam o'er the billowy sea ;
The home of wondrous deeds untold—
Matchless sublimity !
The grave of many an ardent hope,
Of many a fervent prayer,
That mid the wreck of long lost things,
Lie darkly buried there.

Roam o'er the sea, roam o'er the sea,
Roam o'er the billowy sea ;
Where the joyous winds are piping loud,
And the waves are dashing free ;
Where the skilful mariner steers the ship,
Mid reefs and coral strands,
And the mermaid on the hidden rocks,
With kindly warning stands.

BENEATH THE BRIGHT MOON.

BENEATH the bright moon, beneath the bright star,
Sing the shrill chorus, and touch the guitar ;
Sweep with swift fingers the quivering chords,
And breathe with soft accents, impassionate words.

Thick coming fancies are gathering fast,
And the mantle of song o'er the minstrel is cast ;
Echoes the woodland with musical notes,
O'er moor, and o'er mountain the melody floats.

Days of our childhood, visions of youth, -
Season of romance, of fiction and truth ;
Summer of life, when the purple blood flows,
No chills of misfortune, your spring current knows.

Lady, fair lady, awake—Oh, awake !
To the wide opened casement your crimson couch take.
Soft is the evening air, fragrant the wind,
And sweet the repose to the body and mind.

Lady, fair lady, your suitor adores,
And here at a distance your favor implores ;
Oh ! drop from the window some token of love,
And thus your fond wooer's warm passion approve.

A taper appears—it is love's signal light !
In answer it burneth to eyes that are bright :
The casement is raised, and the curtain's withdrawn,
And the listening fair one her lover looks on.

A garland of flowers love's trembling hand weaves—
The rose and the lily commingle their leaves ;
Carnations and snow-drops are blended in one—
And quick to the feet of the minstrel 't is thrown.

The song it hath ceased, its notes die away,
O'er moorland and mountain, o'er river and bay ;
The casement is closed, and the taper burns low,
But the hearts of the lovers unitedly flow.

Beneath the bright moon, beneath the bright star,
Sing the shrill chorus, and touch the guitar ;
Sweep with swift fingers the quivering chords,
And breathe with soft accents, impassionate words.

THE MICHIGAN GIRL.

I MET in my path, with a Michigan girl,
 Far away from her friends, and away from her home ;
 Across the broad lake, where the rough billows curl,
 To the land of her birth, she had fearlessly come.
 Her eyes were of hazel, her teeth were of pearl—
 A treasure most rare, was that Michigan girl.

I knew by her words of mellifluous flow,
 That hers was a spirit allied to my own ;
 That hers was a heart of as generous a glow,
 As ever by lover was sought for or won ;
 A being in smiles and in beauty arrayed,
 A creature of light, was that Michigan maid.

I sought her acquaintance, I asked why she sped,
 Away from her kindred, so cherished and dear.
 My father, she cried—my father is dead !
 And our hearth it is lonely, deserted and drear ;

For this, friendly stranger—for this do I lie
To the place of my birth, was the maiden's reply.

Our words were but few—I found her the same,
Aye, *more* than I fondly had dreamed her to be ;
She woke in my bosom so ardent a flame,
The passion had well nigh proved fatal to me.
That Michigan maid, with her dark flowing hair,
My fondest affections forever will share.

I met her again—the foliage was bright
With the sere tints of autumn, betokening decay ;
We spent in sweet converse the rapturous night,
And then from her bosom I tore me away.
Oh ! sad was the hour when that parting was said—
That parting of love, from the Michigan maid.

I bade her farewell !—I remember it yet,
How fondly and sadly her bright eyes met mine ;
She breathed a low sigh of unfeigned regret,
But then at our parting she did not repine ;
And I felt, as I pressed her warm hand to my heart,
We both had loved truly—*too* truly to part.

I bade her farewell!—and now homeward she speeds,
 Across the broad lake, where the rough billows curl,
To the land of green pastures and flowery meads,
 Is hastening on that Michigan girl.
She has gone!—but ne'er from my memory will fade,
 The fairy-like form of that Michigan maid.

STAY WITH US, THOU LOVED ONE.

STAY with us, thou loved one, we ask thee to stay,
For we shall be lonely, if thou art away ;
Our cottage, reposing beneath the brown shade,
Will mourn for thine absence, thou beautiful maid.

Stay with us, thou loved one, we ask thee to stay,
For we shall be lonely, if thou art away.

Stay with us, thou loved one, there's bliss in thy smile ;
Thy voice, like a harp, doth our spirits beguile ;
Thy friendship is warm, like the sun's cheering ray ;
Stay with us, thou loved one, we ask thee to stay.

Stay with us, thou loved one, for well thou hast proved
How worthy thou art to be fondly beloved—
How safely affection around thee may twine,
Like the tender embrace of the clustering vine.

Stay with us, thou loved one, oh, leave not thy home ;
When friends are about thee, say, why shouldst thou
roam ?

From the heart's fond endearments, why tear thee
away ?

Stay with us, thou loved one, we ask thee to stay.

Stay with us, thou loved one, we ask thee again ;
Stay with us, stay with us through winter's fierce reign,
Till spring shall return, with her flowrets so gay ;
Stay with us, thou loved one, we ask thee to stay.

Stay with us, thou loved one, we ask thee once more ;
Stay with us, we kindly beseech and implore ;
Stay with us, to cheer and enliven our way ;
Stay with us, thou loved one, we ask thee to stay.

Stay with us, thou loved one, we ask thee to stay,
For we shall be lonely, if thou art away ;
Our cottage, reposing beneath the brown shade,
Will mourn for thine absence, thou beautiful maid.

Stay with us, thou loved one, we ask thee to stay,
For we shall be lonely, if thou art away.

COME FORTH TO THE WOODLAND.

Come forth to the woodland, come forth to the glade,
 Repose on the green turf, thou beautiful maid ;
 We 'll sing the choice music I 've practised with thee,
 Beneath the cool shade of the broad spreading tree.

Come forth to the woodland, come forth to the glade,
 Repose on the green turf, thou beautiful maid.

We 'll read the old Classics we 've studied in youth,
 And repeat the old tales of chivalric truth ;
 We 'll taste the rich melons and citrons and creams,
 And gladden our hearts with bright Poesy's dreams.

Our perfume the otto of roses shall be,
 More sweet than the fragrance of Araby.
 Our nectar the breezes that freshening blow,
 And tint with carnation thy young blushing brow.

Our couch the green bank—an exquisite seat ;
 Our carpet the green grass, and flowers at our feet.

The green boughs and green leaves, luxuriant spread,
An evergreen canopy high over head.

Oh ! flee from the city, and hie thee away,
Where bright plumaged birds carol blithly and gay ;
Where Health is abroad, by her cool sylvan streams,
And the depths of the forest exclude the sun's beams.

Sweet, sweet is the rest that the husbandman knows ;
No dreams of Ambition disturb his repose ;
But sweeter, my friend, is the bliss that 's begun,
When two loving spirits are blended in one.

Come forth to the woodland, come forth to the glade,
Repose on the green turf, thou beautiful maid.

THE HEART'S DEVOTION.

Oh ! leaps not up with fresher bound,
 The dolphin from the sea,
 Or generous steed at bugle's sound,
 Than leaps my heart to thee—
 Than leaps my heart to thee, my love—
 Than leaps my heart to thee,
 And all its beating pulses move,
 In gushing currents free.

Oh ! shineth not with chaster beams,
 The moon with mellow light,
 Than thou to me in waking dreams,
 At the dead hour of night.
 Oh ! burns not with a holier fire,
 The altar's sacred glow,
 Than burns my bosom's warm desire,
 With faithful love for you.

Oh ! turneth not with truer aim
 The needle to the pole,

Than soars to thee wild passion's flame,
Thou centre of my soul ;
And oh ! no closer, warmer ties,
Round the fond heart can twine,
Than are the kindred sympathies
That wed my fate to thine.

As down beneath the billow's crest,
The pearl lies buried deep,
So I beneath a throbbing breast,
My love a secret keep ;
Nor dare to whisper in thine ear,
The cause of all my pain,
Lest thou shouldst scorn my suit to hear,
And answer with disdain.

But if perchance this rhyme I make
Should meet thy downcast eye,
And thou its hidden meaning take,
And answer with a sigh,
Then will I kneel me at thy feet,
And clasp thee as my own ;
Sweet kisses shall thy blushes greet,
My loved, my cherished one.

Oh ! leaps not up with fresher bound,
The dolphin from the sea,
Or generous steed at bugle's sound,
Than leaps my heart to thee—
Than leaps my heart to thee, my love—
Than leaps my heart to thee,
And all its beating pulses move,
In gushing currents free.

A WEDDING SONG.

TUNE—*Auld Lang Syne.*

LET Hymen's brightest torches glow,
 Let mirth with wit combine,
 Let music yield her richest flow,
 The grape her richest wine ;
 Bind garlands round the *fair one's* brow,
 And deck her head with pearls,
 For she is won in wedlock now—
 The queen of bright-eyed girls.

A thousand suitors sought her hand,
 And waited at her side,
 And wooed with gifts and tokens bland,
 The young and beauteous bride.
 To all their prayers she answered no—
 Rejected all save one ;
 Most happy he of all below
 The circuit of the sun.

Long live, and mutual blisses share,
The bride and bridegroom twain.
Oh, happy pair ! Oh, happy fair,
Oh, happy, happy swain !
Green grow his name in chivalry,
When other names shall fade ;
The man who mid such rivalry
Hath won so fair a maid.

Let Hymen's brightest torches glow,
Let mirth with wit combine,
Let music yield her richest flow,
The grape her richest wine ;
Bind garlands round the *bridegroom's* brow,
And deck his head with pearls,
For he has won in wedlock now,
The queen of bright-eyed girls.

CHANSON D' AMOUR.

Oh ! leave me not yet, love,
 Unclasp not your arm ;
 Love's torches burn bright,
 And our parlor is warm.

Oh ! leave me not yet, love,
 Our hearts they entwine,
 And to part them
 Would cruelly lacerate mine.

Oh ! leave me not yet, love,
 The day-star is high,
 And the blush of the morn
 Hath not purpled the sky.

Oh ! leave me not yet, love,
 Our hearts they entwine,
 And to part them
 Would cruelly lacerate mine.

Oh ! leave me not yet, love,
 The doe hath her mate,

And the bright-plumaged songsters
Their musical chat.

Oh ! leave me not yet, love,
Our hearts they entwine,
And to part them
Would cruelly lacerate mine.

Oh ! leave me not yet, love,
The trees they embrace,
And deep in the forest
Their boughs interlace.

Oh ! leave me not yet, love,
Our hearts they entwine,
And to part them
Would cruelly lacerate mine.

Oh ! leave me not yet, love,
The winds and the waves,
And the rough howling tempests,
Embrace in their caves.

Oh ! leave me not yet, love,
Our hearts they entwine,
And to part them
Would cruelly lacerate mine.

DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

OH! pleasant was the season,
And sweet the halcyon days,
When undeterred by reason,
The Muses tuned their lays ;
When knights for truth and constancy,
Were like the turtle dove,
And men did sing of chivalry,
And gentle “ladie love.”

Of every wooded mountain,
Of every lonely vale,
Of every gushing fountain,
Was told a fairy tale ;
How at the depth of midnight,
A spectre band was seen,
In acts of high-born revelry,
Around the Elfin queen.

The mystic Druid temple,
The consecrated oak,

Where from her twilight arbor,
The Sibyl goddess spoke,
The goodly shield and helmet,
That valiant Arthur bore,
Are all of rightful heraldry,
Replete with classic lore.

The castle with its battlements,
By river side or sea,
The forests famed for tournaments,
And Norman minstrelsy,
The rudely piled cathedral,
With Gothic arch and door,
Are known in ancient story,
But seen, alas ! no more.

THE CHARTER OAK.

Oh, spare the oak !—Oh, spare the oak !
Oh, woodman, spare the ancient oak !
Avert the blow—withdraw the stroke !
Oh, woodman, spare the ancient oak !

Full nine times nine the frost hath bound
Its sturdy roots beneath the ground ;
And spring full nine times nine hath spread
Her leafy honors o'er its head.

Its trunk full many a storm hath stood,
Full many a blast of wind and flood,
Full many a blow, full many a shock,
Unmoved, and steadfast as a rock.

The eagle in its top hath nursed,
From time unknown, her callow young ;
And there the thunderbolt hath burst,
And heaven its lightning-banner hung.

Oh, spare the oak ! for there doth grow
That healing plant, the mistletoe ;
And from its broad unsading leaf
Of old was formed the victor's wreath.

Oh, spare the oak ! for it hath been
The refuge of afflicted men.
Oh, spare the oak, revere the tree—
The Charter Oak of Liberty !

Oh, spare the oak !—Oh, spare the oak !
Oh, woodman, spare the ancient oak !
Avert the blow—withdraw the stroke !
Oh, woodman, spare the ancient oak !

SONG OF LIBERTY.*

THEY sing of freedom ; Afric's sons
 Their notes of joyance sing ;
 And every hill and every dale
 With freedom's echoes ring.

All sing—the children at their play,
 The laborers at their toil ;
 They chant a merry roundelay,
 And bless the fertile soil.

All sing—the mountains and the plains,
 And sounding shores reply,
 With echoes and harmonious strains,
 To hymns of Liberty.

* Messrs. Thome and Kimball, in their book on the Emancipation of the British West India Islands, remark as follows :—“ The negro children of Antigua are taught liberty from their Bibles, their song books, and their copy-books too. They read of liberty, they sing of it, and they write of it. They chant to liberty in their school-rooms, and they resume the strains on their homeward way, till every rustling lime grove and waving cane field is alive with their notes ; and every hill and dell rings with free echoes.”

Chap. i., p. 30.

The rustling lime groves learn the song,
And fields of waving cane ;
And spicy breezes waft along
A grateful, loud amen !

All sing—the master and the slave,
The servant and the lord ;
And each a thankful offering give,
For Liberty restored.
In crowds they throng the house of God,
On bended knees they pray ;
Justice has broke the oppressor's rod,
And wiped their tears away.

All sing—the children at their play,
The laborers at their toil ;
They chant a merry roundelay,
And bless the fertile soil.
They sing of freedom ; Afric's sons
Their notes of joyance sing ;
And every hill and every dale
With freedom's echoes ring.

OH! BURY HIM WHERE THE WILD BIRDS
SING.*

Oh! bury him where the wild birds sing,
And where the wild flowers grow,
And where, in the early time of spring,
First melts the chilling snow ;—

Beneath some southern wooded slope,
That hears the linnet's wail ;
Or where the solemn night-owls whoop,
In their own native vale ;—

Where the thrush is first to wake the grove,
Emerged from winter's power ;
And where, in warbling out her love,
She hails the morning hour.

* Wilson, the ornithologist, requested that he might be buried in some sequestered spot, where the wild birds could come and sing over his grave.
Memoirs.

He scanned the earth with as broad a sweep,
His range was scarce less wide,
Than the fowls that wing the airy deep,
Or swim the ocean tide.

He was as blithsome in his thoughts,
As light of heart as they ;
Like them he drank ethereal draughts ;
Like them has flown away.

Oh ! bury him where the wild birds sing,
And where the wild flowers grow,
And where, in the early time of spring,
First melts the chilling snow.

OH! BEAUTIFUL, &c.

Oh, beautiful ! Oh, beautiful ! my spirit floats along,
O'er mountain top and green-wood glen,
Upon the tide of song.

Oh, beautiful ! Oh, beautiful its measures die away,
In fitful strains and harmonies,
The merry roundelay !

Oh, beautiful ! Oh, beautiful are evening's twilight
hours !

Oh, sweet ! rejoicing soul and sense,
Are summer's freshening showers.

Oh, beautiful ! Oh, beautiful the chastened light comes
down,
And warms with heaven's benignant smile,
Both village, grove and town.

Oh, beautiful ! Oh, beautiful the robe of gorgeous die,
That over nature's form is flung,
And penciled in the sky.

Oh, beautiful ! Oh, beautiful earth's garniture of green,
In rural bower and forest walk,
Where kindred hearts have been.

Oh, beautiful ! Oh, beautiful the old and shadowy wood,
That on the beetling precipice,
From unknown time hath stood.

Oh, beautiful ! Oh, beautiful the summer's moonlit sea,
And out upon its peaceful waves
My soul delights to be.

Oh, beautiful ! Oh, beautiful a parent's faithful love,
The ties that fortune cannot break,
That envy cannot move.

How ardently and lovingly the mother clasps her boy,
And calls him all her present bliss,
And all her future joy !

Oh, beautiful ! Oh, beautiful ! my spirit floats along,
O'er mountain top and green-wood glen,
Upon the tide of song.

Oh, beautiful ! Oh, beautiful its measures die away,
In fitsful strains and harmonies,
The merry roundelay !

THE GUITAR.

How softly and sweetly it sounds from afar,
O'er the blue waters, the lively guitar ;
How softly and sweetly, beneath the bright moon,
On the lonely parterre, in the crowded saloon.

How softly and sweetly, when daylight is gone,
And the dim floating shadows of evening come on ;
How softly and sweetly, from window or bower,
It cheats of its sadness the wearisome hour.

How softly and sweetly its delicate notes,
Wide o'er the landscape, in harmony float ;
How softly and sweetly its quivering chords,
Give accent and meaning to musical words.

How softly and sweetly—hark ! hark ! o'er the bay
Two answering lovers in unison play ;
Now in a plaintive and sorrowing strain—
And now in the accents of gladness again.

How softly and sweetly some beautiful nun,
When the task of her *Ave Maria* is done,
Steals to the lattice, and mournfully plays,
To the friends and the lovers of happier days.

How softly and sweetly it sounds from afar,
O'er the blue waters, the lively guitar ;
How softly and sweetly, beneath the bright moon,
On the lonely parterre, in the crowded saloon.

MORNING.

Roseate glows the beauty of morning,
Hushed in repose the zephyrs are still,
Myriad gems the landscape adorning,
Mantle in splendor each valley and hill.

Bright on the soft swelling bosom of ocean,
New-born sunbeams resplendently play ;
Ambient groves, with melodious devotion,
Welcome with joy the approaching day.

Through the keen air, on dew-moistened pinion,
The sea-fowl hastens to her lonely retreat ;
Free from the precincts of lordly dominion,
She sits where the wild winds and wild waters beat.

Rise Annette, your toilette adjusting,
Tread the soft dews, and drink the fresh air ;
View the red rose, its laminæ bursting—
Emblem of woman, chaste and fair.

OH! WHO WOULD EAT HIS BREAD
ALONE?

Oh! who would eat his bread alone,
Though frugal be his fare,
And would not ask, at least for *one*,
His homely meal to share?

Some brother, neighbor, wife or friend,
Whoever it might be,
That could a moment's friendship lend—
A moment's sympathy.

Oh! who would care for pleasures gay,
Or Fashion's glittering train,
If one beloved was far away,
Or on a bed of pain—

Or could not, from whatever cause,
The rich delight partake:

Who would not, mid the revel pause,
And crowded rooms forsake ?

Oh ! who would eat his bread alone,
Though frugal be his fare,
And would not ask, at least for *one*,
His homely meal to share.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

AIRY and light was the maiden's dream,
As she lie with unloosened zone ;
And the blush of her cheek, and the gem of her eye
With star-like lustre shone.

For she saw in her sleep, a comely youth,
With a high-born look of pride,
And he swore, with a suitor's impassioned truth,
To make her his own dear bride.

She saw a triad of winged Loves,
In a garden of blissful bowers,
And she walked mid orange and myrtle groves,
At evening's twilight hours.

What else in her sleep did the maiden see ?
What else did her dream foretell ?
Ah ! that is a subject too deep for me—
To maidens 't is known full well.

SPREAD OUT THE BROAD BANNER.

A WHIG SONG.

SPREAD out the broad banner, shout, shout the loud strain,

O'er hill-top and valley, o'er mountain and plain.

Spread out the broad banner, the flag of the Free,

O'er a nation victorious, by land and by sea.

Spread out the broad banner, shout, shout the loud strain,

O'er hill-top and valley, o'er mountain and plain.

Spread out the broad banner, its splendor unfold,

Its stars and its stripes of rich crimson and gold.

Spread out the broad banner, the chorus renew,

And shout for the hero of Tippecanoe.

Spread out the broad banner, the PEOPLE have come,

And the *minions* of party will soon hear their doom ;

The sun of their greatness inglorious has set,

And *Martin* his folly in vain shall regret.

Spread out the broad banner, shout, shout the loud strain,
O'er hill-top and valley, o'er mountain and plain.

Spread out the broad banner, the chorus renew,
And shout for the hero of Tippecanoe.

Spread out the broad banner, great Washington's friend
To the spoils-party faction will soon put an end ;
He 'll govern the nation by equable laws,
Religion and Truth the support of his cause.

Spread out the broad banner, the sons of the west,
Who dwell in log-cabins, and know him the best,
Unite in declaring him worthy the trust,
Abused by that tyrant, *Old Andrew the First.**

Spread out the broad banner ;—ye dastardly crew,
Ye Swartwouts, and Prices, and Buchanans too,
Ye 've robbed us the People, and filled us with grief,
But we will ere long rob you of your chief.

* " *Old Andrew the First,*" to wit, Gen. Jackson.—" The Scotch dynasty, (said Mr. Clay at the close of his speech on the Sub-Treasury Bill,) still continues. We have had Charles the First, and now have Charles the Second. But I thank God that our deliverance is not distant ; and that on the 4th of March, 1841, a great and glorious Revolution, without blood and without convulsion, will be achieved."

Spread out the broad banner, huzza and huzza !
For him who was first,* both in peace and in war—
For them who in conflict our liberties won—
For Webster and Clay, and brave HARRISON.

Spread out the broad banner, its splendor unfold,
Its stars and its stripes, of rich crimson and gold.
Spread out the broad banner, the chorus renew,
And shout for the hero of Tippecanoe.

Spread out the broad banner, shout, shout the loud
strain,
O'er hill-top and valley, o'er mountain and plain.

* “*For him who was first,*” &c., to wit, Washington—of whom it was said—“ He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.

YES, like a shock of corn, or ripened sheaf,
With all his victories and honors crowned,
He's "gathered to his fathers"—Veteran Chief!
He sleeps untroubled now, beneath the ground.
He served his country well, its perils shared,
And with the good and great has gone to his reward.

The patriots who of late in triumph bore
Their leader to the Capitol, again have come,
His *death*, in notes of sorrow, to deplore—
The booming cannon and the muffled drum!
Alas, how changed! with arms reversed, and slow,
Bowed down with pungent grief, the veteran soldiers go.

Perhaps 't is well that thus the chieftain died,
Ere bitter calumny had armed her sting—
Ere he the fickleness of friends had tried,
The load of cares that place and office bring.

Perhaps 't is well, that thus around his bier
A stricken nation mourns, and drops the briny tear.

His life was blameless—honors he'd received,
All that a grateful people had to give ;
In the Redeemer of mankind believed ;
What was there more to make him wish to live ?
Yes, it was well that thus he sunk to rest,
As sinks the setting sun down in the rosy west.

But we, the mourners, God's chastening hand,
In this allotment, may we not behold ?
And here, before his altar, as we stand,
Renew our vows and covenants of old ;
And bind his precepts to our hearts afresh,
And cease to trust the feeble arm of flesh.

Yes, like a shock of corn, or ripened sheaf,
With all his victories and honors crowned,
He's "gathered to his fathers"—Veteran Chief !
He sleeps untroubled now, beneath the ground.
He served his country well, its perils shared,
And with the good and great has gone to his reward.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

Pour water from the silver cup—
Bright water pour for me ;
Give wine and all its evils up,
To the tremulous debauchee.
Water, that cool, refreshing draught,
Oh, let it circle free ;
Give wine and all its evils up,
To the tremulous debauchee.

Pour water from the bucket rude,
That “ hangeth in the well,”
And let the thirsty traveller,
Its sovereign virtues tell.
It cools the parched and fevered lip,
And makes the sweat run free.
Give wine and all its evils up,
To the tremulous debauchee.

Pour water from the mountain urn,
The river and the spring,

From underneath the green-wood's shade ;
'T will health and vigor bring.
When winter yields her icy chains,
And melts her chilling snows,
Bright water wakes the slumbering flowers,
Where'er the blessing flows.

Pour water from the granite rock,
And from the clouds of heaven ;
It falls in copious dews and showers,
At morning, noon and even.
It gives fresh verdure to the hills,
Fresh fragrance to the plain ;
Oh, let your grateful homage rise,
To Him who "made the rain."

Pour water from the silver cup—
Bright water pour for me ;
Give wine and all its evils up,
To the tremulous debauchee.
Water, that cool, refreshing draught,
Oh, let it circle free ;
Give wine and all its evils up,
To the tremulous debauchee.

THE INDIAN'S LAMENT.

His country lost, his birthright gone,
 The Indian views the setting sun ;
 Lone and disconsolate, he weeps,
 And turns him to the western steeps.

“ ‘T was Manitto* that dealt the stroke,
 ’T is he that rends the mountain oak ;
 Dark and mysterious are his ways,
 But Manitto shall still have praise.”

Yet when the harvest clothes the fields,
 And when the husk its treasure yields,
 By Indian king and Indian lord,
 Great Manitto shall be adored.

When seated by the western main,
 Our thoughts shall wander back again—

* Manitto, or Great Spirit, is the Indian name for God.

Back to the land that gave us birth,
Our youthful homes of joy and mirth.

When looking on the eastern sky,
For home the Indian's heart will sigh.
But ah ! his country 's lost and gone,
And set in night his ruling sun.

“ ’Twas Manitto that dealt the stroke,
'T is he that rends the mountain oak ;
Dark and mysterious are his ways,
But Manitto shall still have praise.”

LAMENT OF OTTAWA.*

OTTAWA dwells by the foaming main—
 By the billowy swell of the rolling tide ;
 Ah, when will the white man return again,
 And claim the hand of his Indian bride.

Ottawa dwells by the foaming main,
 Ah, when will the white man return again.

Agawam's stream shall cease to flow,
 And the white sea-sand shall cease to move,
 Ere Ottawa's feelings shall cease to glow,
 Or Ottawa's bosom to beat with love.

Once Ottawa's footsteps were light and free,
 As light and as free as the summer winds,
 That breathe their fragrance o'er land and sea,
 And the humblest abode of the Indian finds.

* Pronounced *Ot-ta-waw*—she was the daughter of Masconnonet, sachem of the Agawames. Her story is a short and sad one. She was betrothed in marriage to a white man, who abandoned her, and she died of a broken heart.

Indian Legend.

Once Ottawa's song rose full and clear,
O'er neighboring woodland and neighboring hill ;
But now its echo you scarcely hear,
And scarce does its cadence the valleys fill.

Ottawa's staff is a broken reed ;
She wanders alone by the surf-beaten shore ;
Ah, when will her soul from the body be freed,
And the bright starry regions of heaven explore.

Ottawa's eyes are a fountain of tears ;
Ottawa's heart no spring season knows ;
Ottawa's pathway no radiance cheers ;
No kindred bosom for Ottawa glows.

Ottawa dwells by the foaming main—
By the billowy swell of the rolling tide ;
Ah, when will the white man return again,
And claim the hand of his Indian bride.

Ottawa dwells by the foaming main,
Ah, when will the white man return again.

THE INDIAN'S SONG OF DEPARTURE BE-YOND THE MISSISSIPPI.

OUR fathers' graves we leave behind,
The altars of our fathers' trust ;
We break the kindred ties that bind
Our spirits to their sacred dust.
In distant realms, where the sunset glows,
Wearied with strife, we seek repose.

We seek beyond the western hills,
A home, where purer breezes blow—
Where heaven more fragrant dew distills,
And streams of sweeter waters flow—
Where step of *traitor* hath not been,
To stain them with his deeds of sin.
Oft, oft enough the plighted word
Hath been the prelude to the sword !

Yes, oft enough we 've known their guilt ;
Enough we 've felt their withering frown ;

By them our fathers' blood was spilt ;
They crushed our fathers' spirits down.
Accursed let their memory be ;
Vile as the dregs of infamy.

Sad remnant of a mighty race,
In want and wretchedness we go !
The timid fawn's lone hiding place
Will echo with our notes of wo.
But every western gale shall bear
Fresh curses to the white man's ear.

The lapse of time shall not efface
The story of the Indian's wrong—
The *treacherous guest* ; his foul disgrace
Shall be the Indian's battle song.
Yes, while we draw one moment's breath,
We 'll meditate revenge and death !

We 'll make our lisping infants swear,
Before the Majesty of heaven,
Never to heed the christian's prayer—
Never to own their crimes forgiven ;
For they have robbed us of our lands—
Our fathers' blood desiles their hands.

We see our desolation nigh ;
Famine and fraud our course will end ;
But the “Great Spirit” of the sky,
Will ever be the Indian’s friend.
He will avenge our injured race,
And on our foes bring long disgrace.

Soon shall the arrows of his wrath,
In indignation smite their souls ;
Their fertile vales be Ruin’s path ;
Disease be present in their folds ;
Wasting Remorse, a hideous guest,
Shall rob them of their wonted rest.

Yes, when the Indian’s name shall be
Silent and void in acts of time,
With vengeful wrath and savage glee,
Our souls shall seek their native clime.
We’ll tread the paths our fathers’ trod—
The avengers of a righteous God.

THE AFRICAN'S SONG OF RETURN.

Blow, western breezes, swell our sails,
And waft us over ocean's vales.
Behind us fades the distant lea,
Before us spreads the rolling sea.
Gladly we leave the "isle of canes,"
Our cruel lords and servile chains ;
Allured by home and all its charms,
We hasten to the "land of palms."

Roll on, ye foaming waters, roll !
Nor stay your ever ceaseless roar,
Until the Negro's panting soul
Once more beholds his native shore—
Once more beneath the citron tree,
Delights to know that he is Free.

Soon on our longing, ravished sight,
Will Afric's sunny mountains rise,

And all the tears of slavery's night
Be wiped from off our weeping eyes.
Soon shall we join our friends again,
Hastening to meet us o'er the plain.

There will the aged gather round,
And children parted long ago;
And there glad welcoming resound,
As through the spicy groves we go.
No more of harm, no more of toil,
May reach us on our native soil.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE SCALDER, OR CELTIC BARD.

"A shaggy rock o'erhung the raging flood ;
There sat the towering bard in awful state ;
Loud roared the tempest through the crashing wood ;
Rude was the scene, majestically great.
The western clouds still held their yellow glow,
And Hecla poured her flames through boundless wastes of snow."

Old Icelandic Poem.

His hair dishevelled, and his beard unshorn,
His garments loosely flying in the wind,
With thoughts of mighty import overborne,
He left the minor cares of earth behind.

He sung the "frozen north,"* the "world of flame,"
When life was no where to be found below ;
When from the "vast abyss" perfection came,
And hell's dark rivers first began to flow.

* For an explanation of the terms and phrases enclosed in quotation marks, see Notes at the end of the volume.

How when the stars knew not their dwelling place,
And earth was scattered through the naked void,
The “sons of Bore” slew the giant race,
And for the firmament their skulls employed.

How after Odin “Frea’s hand espoused,”
The golden walls of “Asgard’s palace” rose,
And stirring eloquence the gods aroused,
To take deep counsel, and their wrongs disclose.

He sung the “irised way that leads to heaven”—
To “Vinglod’s mansion” of eternal love ;
To tread whose glowing Arch to none is given,
But to the tried and purified above.

The “ash Idrasil,” greatest of all trees,
Under whose root the springs of wisdom lie ;
Whose branches are above the cooling breeze,
And from whose top the old bald eagles fly.

He sung of “Gimle” and the “boundless blue”—
Cities more brilliant than the shining sun ;
Whose flowery meadow streamlets murmur through,
Dispensing blessings as they widely run.

He sung the “god of battles and of strength,”
The “belt of prowess,” and the “iron glove,”
That hurls the lightning through its gleaming length,
And at whose beck the winds and waters move.

He sung the “gods of eloquence and song,”
The smooth-tongued Balder; Brage with his
lyre,
Whose welcome presence doth the feast prolong,
And at whose altar burns perpetual fire.

He sung the “genii of the pitchy lake,”
The “halls of Hella”—prison-house of sin—
Where Grief and Famine do their stations take,
And naught but howlings can be heard within.

He sung the food and potions of the gods,
Ambrosia, hydromel, and water pure,
That comes like nectar from the heaving clods,
And to the “death of Schulda” will endure.

And last he sung the “twilight of the earth”—
The “age of tempests, and the age of swords,”

When dark and evil passions shall have birth,
And men shall utter dark and fearful words ;
When “ Odin’s halls ” shall blench and fade away,
And light be merged in darkness and decay.

WHERE SHOULD THE LOFTY POET DWELL?

His home should be a mountain home,
 Where beetling cliffs confront the storm ;
 Near by where ocean's billows roam,
 And nature wears a roughened form ;
 Among the steeps, far, far away,
 Where ice-clad peaks salute the day.

His home should be among the clouds—
 Among their folds of amber light,
 Whose brilliancy the godhead shrouds,
 And shuts out heaven from human sight—
 Beyond the realms of azure blue,
 Where spirits of immortals go.

His home should be a quiet home,
 For study and devotion made ;
 A spot where fauns and wood-nymphs come,
 Within some tall ancestral shade,

Mid flowery fields and boundless plains,
Or on old ocean's broad domains.

His home should be by *classic* fount,
From whence the sparkling waters spring ;
Upon the Heliconian mount,
Where ancient bards were wont to sing,
And where, with philanthropic mind,
They strove to elevate mankind.

His home should be in Grecian lore,
In Grecian art, and Grecian song,
In Grecian scenes, on Grecian shore,
Where cool Ilissus winds along ;
And where—but ah ! its strains are mute—
Once rang the sweet-toned Doric flute.

His home should be in darkling woods,
In cloistered cell and mouldering tower,
By gurgling streams and rushing floods,
That fill the soul with magic power.
All that is good, and all that 's great,
The poet's lyre should emulate.

But ask you what should be his love,
And who should share the poet's heart?
My answer is, all heaven above—
The wide, wide earth in every part;
Nature and truth, where'er they're found,
And virtue, without stint or bound.
Each should the poet's bounty share,
And each should have the poet's care.

LIFE AND DEATH.

A DREAM.

I THOUGHT me in a city, populous and wide ;
And in it there was every thing that ken of mortal eye
Did ever see—trees, flowers, and ripened fruit,
Old men and young, matrons and blooming maids.
Great ships were there, sailors and merchandize ;
And there was food and drink in every nook,
And wares of every kind profusely piled ;
And men did buy, and sell, and gather gain.
There was the joyous feast, the cheering cup,
The merry jest, the song, the exciting dance.
And there were mutual hands and mutual hearts,
And marriage chaste, and happiness domestic,
Parents and children, blessing and blessed.
And there were parks, and bowers, and shady walks,
And fragrant air, sweet as the vernal morn.
And old and young, loving and loved, did walk,
And sit, and talk away their time in happiness.
Bright plumaged birds of every kind were there,

Chanting sweet melodies ; beasts, wild and tame.
And there was feeble age, and helplessness ;
Oppression, and iron-handed avarice.
And there were columns huge, and motley piles,
Of wood, and brick, and stone—domes and dizzy spires.
Altars too were there, public and private ;
And from them rose to heaven the prayer of faith.
And places too were there, of sin and lust,
In which men cursed the holy God who made them.
And lo ! a solemn voice proclaimed aloud,
“Frail mortal, look ! these are the works of *Life* !”

Again I heard a solemn voice, which said,
“Look ! mortal, look ! behold the works of *Death* !”
I turned me round, and lo ! a spectre ghost,
Shapeless and bodiless, did stand above the city,
And over it he waved a bloody sword ;
And a dark, misty cloud enshrouded it.
Ill-boding owls and bats did fly about,
And through the fearful darkness screamed out horror.
Beasts, wild and tame, set up a piteous howl ;
Reptiles and fishes in the sea did die,
And lay in putrid heaps along the shore,
Or floated in a nauseous, slimy scum,

Upon the surface of the dead abyss ;
And rotting skeletons of ships were seen,
Half-buried in this stenchy ocean grave.
And there was famine, nakedness and want,
That fed upon the vitals of all living things.
Mankind did gnaw their flesh in agony ;
Fathers and tender-hearted mothers did quarrel o'er
The mangled pledges of their early love,
And snatch the gory food from out each other's mouth.
Temples, palaces and towers were tumbled down,
Roofs crushed and fallen in, windows broken out,
And shutters hanging by a single hinge.
And there insatiate *Disease* did feast herself ;
Men dropped down dead, and none did bury them,
But where they fell, they lay uncoffined and unknelled ;
And the rank weeds and grass did grow around them,
And in their empty skulls the venomous snake
Did hiss, and coil himself in foul and deadly ambush.
A few did try to dig a shallow trench,
In which to roll the bodies of their friends,
But they fell down themselves and filled it ;
And the showers of heaven did bleach their bones.
The world itself was but a glutted grave ;
Only a few black skeletons of men,

Half-living and half-dead, did walk about.
From some their lifeless limbs did rotting drop ;
From some the putrid eyeballs from their sockets rolled ;
And some did spit their fetid entrails up ;
And some did cast themselves from rocks and kill
themselves.
All, all did pray ; and their prayer was, that they
might die.
Death—fearful, *living* Death, did reign tremendous !

This saw I ; and a shivering dread came o'er me ;
And when I did awake and find it but a *dream*,
With fervent gratitude, I thanked my God.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

A VISION.

I DREAMED a mystery—I heard the roar
Of dirging ocean talking with her dead :
Beneath me on the shore,
A wailing multitude their garments tore,
 And said,
'T is done ! 't is done !—Columbia's *boast* is dead !
A pause ensued—and then once more
The sound broke out, as if the knell
 Of ages past
In one dread note should swell
Its terrors on the blast,
 And a lost World deplore.

Heaven's golden gates swung wide—I saw a host
Of those whose lives in FREEDOM's cause were lost ;
In state they sat upon a starry throne,
And each a royal diadem had on.

Again another voice, which said,
Why mourn, ye mortals, the illustrious dead ?
Why weep ye now the victory is won,
The great, the glorious, God-like Washington ?
Hushed be your murmurs, let your wailings cease,
For now in solemn pomp the Prince of Peace
Receives in heaven's high courts the victor chief,
And binds his temples with the laurel leaf.

Again a solemn pause ;

And then

A shout

Of myriad voices from the heavens rang out
Amen !

I looked, and lo ! amid heaven's majesty,
Along the midnight pathway,
Terrific gleamed shadows of Deity.

I looked again,

And lo ! Columbia, with her train
Of white-robed daughters, weeping o'er the slain
Of Freedom's victory.

And then came trumpet marshalling—

And then

Another shout

Of myriad voices from the heavens rang out
Amen !

And then
Low orisons were heard—a bright flame gleamed
From out the empyrean, and a swell
Of holy harmony upon creation fell.

Thus on my wondering eyelids closed the scene,
And all appeared as though it had not been.

DEATH OF J. H. B.

'T WAS one of those inscrutable designs,
 The will of an o'er-ruling Providence,
 Which man cannot foresee or comprehend ;
 One of those sudden, fatal accidents,
 Which makes the unbeliever doubt God's special care,
 They seem so ill-advised, so unaccountable.
 For why, say they, if angels guard our steps,
 And compass us for good, are these things so ?
 Why doth the present hour behold us full of bliss—
 The next, of all these flattering joys bereft ?

The subject of my story runneth thus :—
 A generous, worthy and accomplished youth,
 Than whom, not one by friends and relatives
 Was oftener and more justly the proud boast,
 Had pledged himself in marriage to a girl,
 Beloved and beautiful, of equal character.
 E'en now the wedding day was fixed upon,
 And preparations made to consummate the banns ;

But ere it came, he died—died suddenly !
Died of a fatal fall, and of his end unwarned.

She, his heart's betrothed, (O Heaven preserve her !)
Was like a christian, quiet and resigned ;
And did most nobly vindicate woman's true character.
Sometimes she wept, but then again she smiled,
And said, it was all right—'t was meant for good—
It was the will of God, and she must not complain.
I was unworthy him, she said, and so he died.
Oh ! there 's a high, sublime philosophy,
That wins the heart and nerves the soul to greatness ;
A living, trusting, realizing FAITH ;
And such, with its consoling power, was hers.

The window where on afternoons she sat,
Looked out upon the scenes of their first fellowship.
There was the house his prudence had prepared
To be their future home, but it was tenantless.
There was his father's house and place of business ;
All dear to her, from having once been his.

She had a worthy friend—yes, she had many such ;
But this was one who felt a lively interest

In her lot, and kindly came to comfort her.

They for whole hours would sit and talk of his deserts,
The goodness of his heart, proud step, and noble bearing,
And how in all he did excel his fellows.

They would tell how in the gay assembly
And crowded hall he shone pre-eminent ;
And how in public and in private life,
He lived and died respected and esteemed.

In the dark catalogue of earth's distress,
The young, the good, the beautiful and fair,
Seem singled out for premature decay.

The gloomy fact we know, but why 't is thus
Is in the counsels of the Deity.

And they are dark, and infinite, and deep ;
And man must not presume to fathom them,
But live in full assurance of another life.

DEATH OF WIERLAND.

THE mighty lies in state—the burial day
 Will quickly come,
 And he whose name was great, will turn to clay,
 In his long home.

Weep, mourners, weep around ;
 Let fall the tear ;
 The bell hath not yet struck ; no funeral sound
 Falls harshly on the ear.

The coffin rests upon a velvet seat,
 And tapers burn ;
 Prayers for the dead the weeping crowd repeat,
 And sighing mourn.

Hark !—from the abbey's tower
 A solemn peal ;
 Anthems awake, and music's soothing power
 Upon the senses steal.

Hark!—it rings out again,
Measured and slow;
And arm in arm across the dusty plain
The sad procession go.

Oh! what avails it now,
In death's long sleep, his tuneful chords;
His spirit's gush, his bosom's ardent glow,
His thrilling words!

Passion's high breathings have no portion there,
No power divine;
His fancy's flight, his spirit's soaring car,
The valley's clods confine.

Oh, no! the spirit is a vital spark,
That, like the diamond, though it buried be,
Will yet rekindle from its rubbish dark,
And shine, and shine throughout eternity.

And his a name that never will grow dim,
Through the long lapse of waning star and sun;
But like the saint and angel seraphim,
Perfect in heaven the good on earth begun.

THE GENIUS AND TREE OF LIBERTY.

STORM-shaken, and scathed with tyranny's fire,
Stood Liberty's Tree, in the “land of the lyre ;”
Its leaves by the siroc of discord were blown,
From the home of heroes and sculptured stone.
All shorn of its strength—its branches all bare,
It stood—but it stood by the strength of despair.

The Genius of Freedom beheld the sight,
As she sat supreme on her throne of light ;
Then quick o'er her shoulders her mantle was thrown,
And high on her head a bright helmet shone.
Her right arm was nerved, and her spear she took,
And with a proud bearing that scorned to brook
A tyrant's oppression, a tyrant's frown,
She came in the might of her vengeance down.
A sapling branch from her tree she tore,
And hastened her flight to Columbia's shore.

Now spent with fatigue and with numberless ills,
She stands on a peak of New England's hills ;
And there in a rough and barren soil,
She plants her tree, to be nursed by toil—
By the Pilgrim's prayers and the Patriot's blood,
Mid December snows, in a savage wood.
This slender branch struck deep its root,
And upward sent a vigorous shoot.
Though tyrants raged beyond the sea,
It injured not this sacred tree.
Its rapid growth they trembling saw,
Gazing with wonder and with awe.

Religion here beneath its shade,
Did "like a flood" the earth pervade.
From land to land, from zone to zone,
The seeds of Liberty were sown.
From every clime the oppressed come,
To enjoy the far-famed asylum.
France from her lethargy awoke,
And strove to break her galling yoke ;
But like a maddened war-steed's flight,
She plunged in anarchy, outright.
Unhappy Greece one effort made

To burst her bands—but ah! her blade
Was broken by a deadly blow,
And all her cherished hopes laid low.

God grant this garden of the vine,
May yet with Freedom's blessings shine—
This land of Arts and Heroes be,
Once more the home of Liberty ;
And *classic* bards enraptured tell,
How Freedom rose and Tyrants fell.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE winds had roused the ocean bird,
 The waves high foaming met the shore,
 When first the Pilgrim's song was heard,
 Amid the deafening roar.
 No friend had he in human form ;
 No shelter from the threatening storm.

Ah ! little do the children know,
 The toils their fathers underwent ;
 How many anxious days of wo—
 How many watchful nights they spent.
 'T were well, perhaps, could they but see,
 A part of their lone misery ;—

Could view the log hut's cheerful blaze,
 And hear the Pilgrims' trusting prayer,
 When dangers thick beset their ways,
 And wan disease was preying there.

'T would teach us where to put our trust,
O God of mercy ! ever just.

'T is altered now, and we with dread
No longer view the threatening sky—
No longer hear the heavy tread
Of famished monsters howling by.
Our fire-sides are still and warm,
Untroubled by the fear of harm.

We need not now recline at length
Upon the hard, unyielding floor,
Or yet with bars of tested strength
To doubly guard the oaken door ;
For we no hostile footsteps hear,
Around our dwellings, far or near.

Amid such blessings, oh, may we
Remember well the Pilgrim's prayer—
Remember the lone misery
That he was called to bear ;
And guard us well, lest we disgrace
The Pilgrim's name, and resting place.

DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

THERE was a time when holy men
In high resolve were met ;
Their trust the ever-helping God—
Their cause a nation's fate.

Oh, ought we not to bless the power,
That stayed them in that trying hour !

It was a day of grief—
A day of fearful close ;
But on its painful mysteries,
The morn of Hope arose.
Long may its sacred radiance be,
As heaven's own light—as pure and free !

Long may a grateful people hold
Their memory devoutly dear ;
And as a badge of character,
Their fathers' signet wear—

In Freedom's cause they led the way,
“And bore the burden of the day.”

Oft in the *interim* of fight,
The wrestling prayer went up to heaven ;
And rich the token of its might,
To their high-priesthood given.
They conquered—and their sainted name
Is bright upon the scroll of fame.

Thrice happy they, in such a cause,
To be the few by Heaven designed,
To urge the purity of laws,
And free the energies of mind ;
For from that day of Freedom's birth,
Began the cleansing of the earth.

And may its impulse never cease,
To “overturn and overturn,”
Till kings and monarchies shall cease,
And guilty thrones in ruin burn ;
Till o'er the earth, from sea to sea,
Mankind are blessed with Liberty.

SCENE AT WASHINGTON.*

BENEATH Columbia's Capitol,
 Where Freedom's banner waves,
 What means that clanking sound of chains—
 That group of hand-cuffed slaves ?
 Shame on her base, degenerate sons,
 Who suffer it to be—
 Proud Freedom's Rock and refuge home,
 One moment less than free !

The spot where Washington was born,
 That bears his patriot name,

* "On the 13th day of January, 1839, a company of men, women and children, chained together, amounting to about fifty in number, were driven past the Capitol at Washington for the southern slave-market, in sight of many members of both Houses of Congress, and within the sound of the rustling folds of the striped and starred flag of Liberty.—On the 12th of March following, Wm. Slade, of Vermont, offered a Resolution in the House of Representatives, demanding by what authority these people were chained. The question was thus for the first time, in a formal manner, put to the nation; and it must be answered."

Mass. Abol.

The mart of human flesh and blood—
My countrymen, for shame!
The soil to Freedom consecrate,
By living freemen trod,
A taunt and by-word o'er the earth—
Forbid it, mighty God!

Columbia's Genius, veil your face,
Your mourning garments wear;
Low bow you at the altar down,
Weep with dishevelled hair;
Refuse you to be comforted,
And cease you not to pray,
Till slavery's foul, polluting curse,
Is wholly wiped away.

Shall we who give the nations laws,
And boast of equal rights,
Man's dearest privilege contemn,
And quench Religion's light?
They who dispense the “bread of life,”
God's ministers of love—
Shall *they* be deaf to misery's cry,
A band of traitors prove?

Blot out your statutes from the book,
Your halls of justice close,
And bring your soaring eagle down,
In suppliance to his foes.
Level your churches to the earth,
Your Bible fling away,
Or read it with a christian *heart*,
And learn consistency !

What!—sprung from sires of “seventy-six,”
And yet afraid to speak,
Lest southern vengeance, thus provoked,
Your cherished UNION break ?
Dear as the cord of friendship is,
That doth our nation bind,
What is it to the rights of man—
The freedom of the mind ?

Shall we no longer be allowed,
For wrongs to seek redress ;
Our prayers and protests thrown aside,
Forbid to use the Press ;
Immured in sickly prison cells,
Insulted in the street,

Because, forsooth, in Freedom's land,
A brother *man* we greet?

Shall ghastly murder stalk abroad,
And mobs our realm disgrace,
Man like a beast be bought and sold,
Despite Heaven's frowning face?
Rise, freemen of the "granite hills!"
Rise, with o'erwhelming power,
And swear before the throne of God,
Slavery shall be no more!

One hand upon your Bill of Rights,*
The other on the sword;
Your eye with trusting fervor turned
For guidance from the Lord;
Then onward in the cause of Truth,
Of Justice, Peace and Love;
And conscience and a grateful world,
Your victory will approve.

* The Massachusetts Bill of Rights declares, that "all men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential, and unalienable rights."

FREEDOM'S JUBILEE.*

Nunc gaudemus et Deo gratias agimus.

GLORIA, *gloria,*
Regina VICTORIA,
 Queen of the sea—
 Queen of Britannia's isle,
 Where the freed captives smile,
 Glory to thee !

Gloria, gloria,
Regina VICTORIA,
 Old England's queen ;
 Thou hast broke slavery's yoke—
 Thou the command hath spoke,
 Cleanse thee from sin !

* The Emancipation of the British West India Islands took place Aug. 1, 1834.

Gloria, gloria,
Regina VICTORIA,
Hope of the brave ;
Thou whom the nations bless,
Friend of the fatherless,
Mighty to save.

Gloria, gloria,
Regina VICTORIA,
Echo it o'er—
Let the loud notes resound,
Through the wide world around,
Slavery's no more !

Gloria, gloria,
Regina VICTORIA,
Queen of the sea—
Queen of Britannia's isle,
Where the freed captives smile,
Glory to thee !

THE OLD KENTUCKIAN.

WHEN first from New England, in which I was bred,
I came to these forests and blossoming glades,
No paths through the thick tangled morasses led,
But those that the wild bears and buffaloes made.

Where weary and fainting, I sat myself down,
On a rock in the midst of the shadowy wood,
Now rises in grandeur a flourishing town,
And steamboats are plying the neighboring flood.

My dog and my rifle afforded me then,
Of fowls and of venison a constant supply ;
From my door I could shoot the wild goose in the fen,
And the deer that went bounding so gracefully by.

But sporting I now am compelled to forego,
For the game have deserted their favorite haunts,
And in spring-time resort to the plough and the hoe,
To furnish in winter necessity's wants.

I then was not troubled with stakes and with bounds,
For *meum* and *tuum* were words never heard ;
As a hunter I shared with the Indian his grounds,
And none with our sovereign rights interfered.

Then the lords of the forest, the pine and the oak,
Stood darkling and dense, by hill and by vale ;
On the ear of the traveller the waterfall broke,
Instead of the sound of the axe and the flail.

Each morning was then ushered in with a song,
And melody floated from many a tongue ;
And where the lone river meanders along,
Sweet chantings were heard the thick branches
among.

But the wren and the throstle have fled from the groves,
Perchance to some island or wind sheltered lea,
Where without disturbance they mingle their loves,
In concert of spirit-born harmony.

The lovers of cities, of crowds and of men,
May live if they choose, amid bustle and noise ;

But mine be the mountain, the forest and glen,
Where no such refinements my freedom annoys.

And those who extol these degenerate days,
May rail at the manners and customs of yore ;
But mine be the strictness of Puritan ways,
And the costume the generous Puritan wore.

THE NEW ENGLANDER.

THEY tell of the clime where the trade wind blows,
Where in the warm sunshine the gold orange glows ;
Where fragrant odors the woodlands pervade,
And the myrtles and palm trees afford a cool shade :
But dearer to me are New England's bleak hills,
And the freedom and health that her atmosphere fills.

They tell of the land where the Magnolia blooms,
And sheds o'er the desert its spicy perfumes ;
The land of the fig-tree, the date and the cane,
That knows not the rigors of winter's fierce reign :
But to him who is sprung from the true Pilgrim stock,
More dear is the hemlock, the cedar and oak.

They tell of the planter's hospitable home,
And the welcome he gives unto all who may come ;
Of his table with every dainty supplied,

Where wit and refinement and beauty preside :
But dearer to me is the freedom of speech,
And the rights that our laws and our law-givers teach.

They tell of the growing and far distant west,
Where the husbandman's labors are bountifully blest ;
The land of great rivers that roll to the sea,
And bear on their waters the wealth of the free :
But dearer to me are the streamlets that flow,
From New England's hills, to the valleys below.

They tell of rich harvests that cumber the ground,
In the region of lakes, where the prairies abound ;
Of the glory that brightly emblazons each name
Of their heroes, who fought for their country's fame :
But what in their annals at all can compare,
With New England's trophies, of peace and of war.

They may boast of the orange, the fig-tree and palm,
Of the winds that blow o'er them, enfeebling and warm ;
Of their plenteous harvests and tables supplied,
With every luxury art can provide ;
Of their lakes and broad rivers that roll to the sea,
But New England, my birth-place, is dearer to me.

Naught, naught in the wide world my spirit can find,
So worthy of boast, as New England mind.

Naught, naught in the wide world so claims my applause,
As New England *men* and New England *laws*.

Here's a health to New England, a health to the brave,
Who wrestled in conflict their country to save.

THOUGHTS ON HOME.

My parents, they will soon be gone—

 My parents, bowed with many years ;
Affectionately wrought upon,

 With mingled hopes and fears—
Hopes in the pangs of death beguiled,
And fears for me, their only child.

Oh ! 't is a melancholy thought ;
 It seems too much for me to bear ;
And had I not been better taught,
 I should be tempted to despair.

Where shall I look for friendship then,
 When you who love me are no more ?
Where find among cold-hearted men,
 An altar to adore ?

Indeed, I shall not be alone ;
 I still shall have a father's care—

A glorious, an eternal One—
His altar every where.

How can I feel myself alone,
While nature's thousand beauties live ;
And precepts of a mother's tongue,
In memory survive ?

These are a comfort, and will be
Sources to me of much relief ;
For every shrub and every tree
Will be a partner of my grief.
The woods and wilds will hear my song,
And this my feeble plaint prolong.

MY BURIAL.

WHEN I am dead, ye shall not close
 This body in a marble cell ;
 Ye shall not build, where I repose,
 Proud cenotaph or citadel ;
 But as in life my soul was free,
 So let in death my ashes be.

Perhaps when all these toils are past,
 And all these watchings have gone by,
 My spirit, like the evening blast,
 Will wander far, but never die.

Perhaps beneath some aged oak,
 Within some narrow, lonely dell,
 When all its earthly cords are broke,
 'T will bloom a fragrant asphodel.

Perhaps when tired of earthly scenes,
 'T will wander on the ocean wave,

From where the polar iceberg gleams,
To where the wild tornadoes rave.

Where the *spirula* makes its home,
And where the flinty corals grow,
Perhaps it will in silence roam,
And listen to the water's flow.

Perhaps 't will mount aloft in air,
And in the gorgeous sunset float,
When all around is bright and fair,
And music swells her magic note.

Perhaps 't will come again to earth,
And visit all her golden mines,
Where things of beauty have their birth,
Rich ores and gems of various kinds ;
Again with airy footsteps free,
To wander on the open sea.

PRAYER OF THE SPIRIT.

How few on earth, O God!—how few
Lie down to soft and sweet repose ;
Earth's broad expanded circuit through,
How few in peace existence close.
God—who o'er all extends thy care,
Vouchsafe to hear my humble prayer.

Give me to know thy holy will,
To keep thy wise and holy law ;
Life's end and purpose to fulfil,
And from thy word instruction draw ;
With sin and folly thus to cope,
And have at death the christian's hope.

Teach me to measure out my days,
My dealings with my fellow man,
With reference to my Maker's praise,

According to the gospel plan ;
Such treatment unto others give,
As I from others would receive.

Grant me to sit at Jesus' feet,
To learn the precepts that he taught
His followers on Mount Olivet—
All wisdom else I value naught.
His words “ drop fatness,” and they fall
Like healing balm upon the soul.

Go, man of sorrow, man of guilt,
Beset with earth-born care and strife ;
For thee his precious blood was spilt,
That thou might'st have eternal life.
Go ! he shall make thy burden light,
If thou dost trust his sovereign might.

Compared to thy divine commands,
My Saviour, what is pagan lore ?
As dew-drop, or a grain of sand
Upon the boundless ocean's shore !
As moments to eternity,
Are prince and sage compared to THEE !

From lip of angel never fell
Such glorious tidings e'er before,
As that which JESUS came to tell,
And proclaimate from shore to shore :
“ Peace, peace on earth, good will to man ! ”
Echoes the broad empyrean.

New England ! over all thy hills
How pure the light Religion sheds ;
Its radiance every bosom fills,
Its glory crowns her Patriots' heads.
New England ! birth-place of the brave,
The Heroes' home, the Pilgrims' grave.

HYMN OF GRATITUDE TO GOD.

"Oh, humbly take what God bestows,
 And like his own fair flowers,
 Look up in sunshine with a smile,
 And gently bend in showers."

Anon.

WHEN thy high praise, Almighty God !
 My lips attempt to sing,
 Trembling I wake the sounding lyre,
 And touch the quivering string.

With gratitude I own thy love—
 Thy goodness I adore ;
 And for the follies of my youth,
 Forgiveness I implore.

Thy mercies unto me have been
 Dealt out in large supply ;
 And on thy all-protecting arm,
 For succor I rely.

Through life, beset with numerous ills,
Be Thou forever near ;
And to thy servant's suppliant cry,
Vouchsafe to lend thine ear.

My life, (whate'er remains of life,)
I dedicate to Thee ;
Be Thou my guardian and my guide,
To immortality.

THE KING AND THE PEASANT.*

A BALLAD.

THE king came forth on a holiday—
 The king came forth for sport,
 And he taxed his brain to invent some play,
 To amuse his voluptuous court.

The Alps' high tops above them peered—
 The Alps all white with snow ;
 And the princess gazed on the glorious sight,
 From the fertile vale below.

Ha ! ha ! said the king, what knight will dare,
 (His courtier train to try,)
 Unaided, the princess aloft to bear,
 To the mountain's top on high—

* A story is told of a certain prince, or king, somewhere in Italy, who, on a certain occasion, promised to give his daughter in marriage to whoever would carry her to the top of a high mountain in the vicinity, without putting her down to rest ; but on the condition that if he failed in the attempt, he should lose his life. The feat was performed by a young Italian peasant ; but on reaching the goal he fell to the earth ; and on ascending the mountain, they were both found dead together.

Aloft to the top of the farthest peak
That gleams in the morning sun ?
To him will I give this diamond ring,
When the noble deed is done.

Yea, more ; to him who performs this feat,
Before our wondering eyes,
I'll give, beside this diamond ring,
My daughter *herself*, a prize.

But if he fails in the rash attempt,
His life shall the forfeit pay,
Who dares to insult the Royal house
On this their festal day.

The knights and squires all trembling stood—
All feared the task to try ;
The pathway above them appeared so rough,
And the mountain appeared so high.

At length stepped forth from among the crowd,
A youth of sun-burnt hue—
A peasant youth of ignoble blood—
A *boy* whom no one knew.

With modest look he approached the king,
And bowed him humbly there :
Your loyal subject, said he, is proud
The royal task to dare.

A smile of derision, and hiss of scorn,
Through the crowd of courtiers ran,
As they thought on the shame and inglorious fate,
That awaited this foolish man.

The princess, with gold and jewels decked,
Was moved for the generous boy ;
Oh ! father, she cried, in cruel sport
Do not his life destroy !

But the king was deaf to all her cries,
Regardless of all her charms ;
He placed her, before the courtiers' eyes,
Within the rustic's arms.

Now see them far up the mountain's side,
Beyond where the lightnings play ;
Already one half the journey 's past—
One half the toilsome way.

The maiden bows her swan-like neck—
What is she doing there?
By heavens! she kisses his sun-burnt cheek,
And smooths his nut-brown hair.

With firmer step, and more cautious tread,
The youth he hies him on,
And bears her triumphant above the clouds;
By heavens! the prize is won.

A mist just then obscured from sight
The twain, as they reached the goal;
And the crowd exclaimed, she is his by right—
The youth of undaunted soul!

She is his and Love's—and the monarch who dares
Annul what the People saith,
May God in his vengeance strike him down,
To punish his perjured faith!

The cloud hath passed—but naught is seen
Of the youth and the royal maid.
All anxious haste to the mountain's top—
By heavens! there lie they—*dead!*

THE INVOLUNTARY TEAR.

UPON the injured maiden's cheek,
It glistens bright and clear ;
A limpid, pure and crystal drop,
From the heart's fount it gushes up—
The involuntary tear.

I've seen it on the manly brow
Most beautiful appear ;
It softly dews the drooping lash,
And dims the eyeball's fiery flash—
The involuntary tear.

I've seen it in the mother's eye,
Bereft of children dear ;
Love, kind parental love the source ;
It comes with deep and thrilling force—
The involuntary tear.

I've felt it warm and falling fast,
When none were witness near,
That I so ill my vows have kept ;
I've waking sighed, and sleeping wept,
The involuntary tear.

But sometimes 't is the effect of pride,
Ambition dark and drear ;
And then it loses every charm,
And freezes where 't was meant to warm—
The involuntary tear.

It has not oft its source in guilt,
Prolonged from year to year ;
But sometimes comes from deep regret,
For follies we would fain forget—
The involuntary tear.

THE EVENING BEFORE THE CRUCIFIXION.

Lo ! 't is the hush of twilight's close,
And all the face of nature
Is visited with soft repose,
To every living creature ;
And copious floods of mellow beams
Upon the earth are poured,
Redundant as the genial streams
That from the heavens are showered.

But one there is, whose troubled heart
Is pierced with grief and care,
And turning from the world apart,
He seeks his God in prayer.
“ O Father, if it be thy will,
Let this cup pass away.”
Thus spake the Saviour of the world,
Bowed down in agony.

Consoling are the words he speaks
To that sorrow-stricken band,

Who round their heavenly Master's cross

In mournful silence stand.

"I will not leave you comfortless—

The Comforter shall come,"

And he shall teach you all things

Pertaining to your home.

But hark ! what sound of footsteps near ?

What torches these displayed ?

The traitor *Judas* doth appear,

And Jesus is betrayed.

As by the ancient seers foretold,

They nail him to the tree,

And crucify the Lord of Light,

Upon Mount Calvary.

Lo ! darkness shrouds the earth in gloom ;

The solid mountains quake,

And the pale tenants of the tomb,

From their long slumbers wake !

Again, and lo ! "he is not here—

He 's risen from the dead,"

And rules in heaven, at God's right hand,

The church's living Head.

AN ENIGMA.

FOUNTAIN of life, of gentle love the spring ;
Source of all joy to every living thing ;
Source of all passion, whether good or ill,
Whose throbs by turns the panting bosom fill ;
Source of all happiness, all real wealth,
Known only unto God and to itself ;
Perfect in all, yet not in all the same,
The central organ of ethereal flame,
The burning altar of poetic fire,
In some—in some the abode of ire,
Of wrath revengeful, sin and vicious thought,
Setting the laws of God and man at naught.

Now its devotion in the maid appears—
Now in the matron of maturer years ;
For those it loves it death and danger braves ;
Breasted of old the Hellespont's rough waves ;
And in the steel-clad bosom of the knight,

Mounted the steed and mingled in the fight.
Where the fond mother presses to her breast
Her new-born babe, and hushes it to rest,
See there its influence, meek and angel mild,
That mother's love towards her darling child.
Where the fond husband guards his consort's bed,
And wipes her tears and holds her aching head,
See there its power ; that wife's confiding smile
Is its best emblem, when devoid of guile.

Its wide benevolence o'er all extends,
Claims the whole human family as friends ;
Clasps its young tendrils, like the trusting vine,
Around whate'er is lovely and divine.
Lives there the man who would its trust betray,
And having won it, cast its hope away ?
Ye gods, whose guardian wings encircle all,
Heaven's direst vengeance on his head I call !

It burns with love, it burns with fiendish hate ;
'T is sometimes sad, and sometimes 't is elate.
Reason without it were a feeble spark,
And oft would leave her votaries in the dark.
It is the spring-source of all tender feeling—

The spirit's holy fount of deep revealing.
But time would fail me all its powers to sing,
And my spent muse now droops her soaring wing.
Ask you that I the secret would impart ?
That which I speak of, is the HUMAN HEART.

SYMPATHY WITH HUMANITY.*

"As once with vehement desire,
 Pygmalion held in warm embrace
 The statue, till sensation's fire
 Glowed in the marble's kindling face,
 I threw the arms of youthful love
 Round nature, till I too was blest—
 Till she began to breathe, to move,
 To live on my poetic breast.

The world awakening shared my bliss ;
 For me the dumb possessed a voice,
 Learned to return me love's warm kiss,
 Feel my heart's music and rejoice.
 Then lived to me the tree, the rose ;
 Then sang the fountain's silver fall ;
 And things that spiritless repose,
 Echoed with joy my spirit's call."

SCHILLER.

IMPASSIONED, thus my soul awoke,
 And felt sensations strange and new ;
 Beauty upon my vision broke,
 And in my breast soft raptures grew.

* "The sculptor Pygmalion is said to have become enamored of a beautiful statue that he had made. At his request Venus, the goddess of Beauty, changed it into a woman, whom he married." *Class. Dict.*

Thus I embraced earth's meanest things,
And felt her least attractive charms,
And strove to soar on seraph's wings,
To sovereign good, that cheers and warms.

I looked on weak, degenerate man,
And kind emotions filled my heart ;
And o'er my trembling system ran,
A thrill of joy, through every part ;
A blush suffused my glowing cheek,
And mantled o'er my burning brow,
That he whom God had made so great,
By sin had sunk so low.

Thus like Pygmalion famed of old,
I strove to warm the human race—
To gather them in Virtue's fold,
Encircled in my fond embrace—
To kindle up with warm desire,
The feeble, faintly glimmering ray,
Of heavenly hope and heavenly fire,
Ere it had wholly passed away.

'T was not in vain ; the motley throng
Responded to my yearning prayer,

And through the medium of song,
Were made my spirit's gifts to share.
Then to thy fellow give thy hand,
And live to man, to flower and tree,
With thoughts and with affections bland,
And they in turn will live to thee.

THE HEAVEN OF FAME.

“ In lonely glens, amid the roar of rivers,
 When the dim nights were moonless, have I known
 Joys which no tongue can tell.”

SHELLEY.

To live within the heaven of fame,
 And shine through countless ages there,
 Who would not bear the life of pain,
 That struggling Genius shrinks to bear ?

To be among the chosen few,
 Whose deeds have served to cheer the earth,
 What would not men, or angels do,
 For such a meed of peerless worth !

To live as ‘t were an endless youth,
 And dying, still not cease to be,
 But as the great high-priest of Truth,
 To guard and guide and bless the Free ;
 Who would not strive with fixed intent,
 And for such boon, “ spend and be spent ? ”

And is such wreath of fair renown,
Not richly worth the price that's paid ?
And will not saints look kindly down,
On the devout and hallowed head ?
Oh, yes, there is no sonder boast,
Among the bright angelic host !

No greater good, no loftier praise,
No fitter theme for deathless song,
Than he who with prophetic gaze,
Labors this "shadowy vale" along,
And sees beyond his toilsome way,
The light of a more perfect day.

POVERTY AND WEALTH.

ARE noble thoughts and patriot deeds
Found only with the great,
In princely pomp and lordly name,
And offices of state ?
It is not so : I tell thee, friend,
Beneath a lowly guise,
Are oft concealed as generous hearts,
As boast the rich and wise.

Hast thou not seen the humble poor
A charity bestow,
With feelings of benevolence,
The wealthy rarely know ?
The orphaned widow in the church,
Upon a lecture day,
Cast in her pittance to the box,
And prayerful turn away ?

Hast thou not seen the hardy tar,
Whose life hath been the sport

Of adverse winds and adverse tides,
At length arrived in port,
With those misfortune, like himself,
Has called her ills to bear,
Touched with a kindly sympathy,
E'en his *last* shilling share.

Now mark the contrast ;—hast thou not
Beheld the pampered son
Of luxury, and pride, and sloth,
Whose father first begun
The fortune he inherits now,
In some unhonored trade,
Refuse the beggar, pinched with want,
A shelter for his head ?

Hast thou not seen the princely dame,
In silks and satins dressed,
With haughty look and mincing step,
As though the ground she pressed,
Were all unworthy to be trod
By such a stately queen—
A libel on the works of God,
Who formed the sons of men ?

Hast thou not seen the aged man,
With tottering step and slow,
Insulted from the halls of pride,
All unrequited go—
Though that right arm, so palsied now,
His country's battles fought,
And bled in Freedom's sacred cause,
By blood of freemen bought?

Are noble thoughts and patriot deeds
Found only with the great,
In princely pomp and lordly name,
And offices of state?
It is not so: I tell thee, friend,
Beneath a lowly guise,
Are oft concealed as generous hearts,
As boast the rich and wise.

MISANTHROPIC HOURS.

SOMETIMES I've thought that man was made
In the bright image of his God,
Only that image to degrade,
To brute companion of the clod.

A being of cupidity,
Fit only for the joys of sense ;
And to great thoughts and purpose high,
Without a shadow of pretence.

Sometimes I've thought the feeling breast,
The kindling eye and taste refined,
Served but to rob him of his rest—
Raised but to part him from his kind.

And then I've had a different turn
Come o'er my spirit's darkened tone,
And felt this truth within me burn,
“ Man lives not for himself alone.”

He lives through higher energies,
And for a worthier, nobler end ;
And wheresoe'er his duty lies,
Thither his willing steps should tend.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON ELI.

And it came to pass that ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, that the Lord called Samuel, and he answered, Here am I. 1 Sam. iii. 2, 3, 4.

AT midnight it came—the earth was at rest ;
 No mortal knew the high behest :
 Enveloped in darkness the mandate had slept,
 In eternity's archives, by Deity kept.

No gleamings of light illumined its path,
 To fearfully tell the Omnipotent's wrath ;
 But the cold winds of evening were whispering about,
 And the lamp on the altar had almost gone out,
 When a “ still small voice ” the silence broke,
 And Israel's God to Samuel spoke.

Behold ! saith the Lord, my arm is made bare ;
 Behold ! to the house of Eli I swear,
 No blood of bullocks on altars slain,
 Or incense, shall purge the deadly stain !
 The sons of Eli their God have forgot,
 And he in their sins restraineth them not ;

For this, saith the Lord, his house I will rend ;
When once I begin, I will make an end !

Morn came ; and the damp, gloomy shadows of night
Were exchanged for the sun's bright and dazzling light ;
And Israel's hosts were in battle arrayed,
And Philistia's steeds for the onset neighed.

They fought ;—and now o'er mountain and plain,
O'er valley and flood, were the wounded and slain ;
For God in his wrath their ranks had forsaken,
The “Covenant Ark”—their fortress—was taken.

Sore pressed in flight by their infidel foes,
In the struggles of death they despairingly close ;
And there by the glimmering of twilight was seen,
The flashing of sabres along the ravine.

But ere the full season of carnage was spent,
A messenger came to the patriarch's tent ;
And when it was told him that Israel fled,
And his sons, both Hophni and Phineas, were dead,
'T is God ! he exclaimed, and convulsively sighed,
Fell back in his seat, was speechless, and died.

RITES OF THE DRUIDS.

PUT the mystic cauldron on—
 Put therein the potent plants ;
 From its sacred waters come
 The knowledge of hierophants—

All the windings of the stars,
 All the secrets of the sea ;
 Famines, plagues, and future wars,
 And sights of dread calamity.

Now begin the sacrifice ;
 Sprinkle round the victim's blood ;
 Heed it not, for from his cries
 Will accrue the nation's good.

Masters of the magic wand,
 Magi of the east and west,
 To your several duties stand,
 And obey the high behest.

Goddess of the silver wheel,
Mistress of the sparkling tear,
Lest you should our rites reveal,
Thou must not approach too near.

Bind the branches thick around,
Pluck the three-leaved mistletoe ;
See ye breathe nor word nor sound,
While the crimson currents flow.

Now 't is finished—now 't is done—
Now our incantation ends ;
Now appears the rising sun,
And the glow of morn extends.

Tell ye not what ye have seen,
To the listening vulgar throng ;
Breathe ye not where ye have been,
Since the middle watch begun,

Lest the timid soul should quail,
And the tender heart should weep ;
Closely draw the mystic veil—
One and all the secret keep.

LINES TO M. A. H.

"Are there not deep, sad oracles to read
 In the clear stillness of that radiant face ?
 Yes, e'en like *thee* must gifted spirits bleed,
 Thrown on a world for heavenly things no place !
 Bright alien birds, who visit other skies,
 Pouring on storms their suppliant melodies."

MRS. HEMANS.

THE lonely isle where no one dwells,
 The pathless brake and forests rude,
 The sickly damp of prison cells,
 Have been by some called solitude ;
 But there 's a pang of keener smart,
 It is the loneliness of heart.

To live with those we do not know,
 And be as strangers to their breasts—
 To have our kind affections glow,
 And none to answer their requests—
 Oh, this is misery dull and deep,
 A solitude to make one weep.

And then to be misunderstood,
And have our best deeds construed wrong ;
To have the name of being proud,
Vindictive, scornful, serpent-tongued ;
These are the wrongs by slander dealt ;
But to be known, they must be felt.

And they are felt by many a one,
And uttered forth in many a groan,
From many a heart with sorrow wrung,
In silent, pensive walks alone ;
Through many an hour of seeming glee,
In bitterness of agony.

Go through the world, and you will find
The generous hearted, wise and good,
The victims of the baser kind,
The mock-word of the vulgar brood.
There's no security on earth,
For a good name, by acts of worth.

And yet it is not wholly dark—
The sun of joy's not wholly down ;
There lingers yet true friendship's spark,

In contrast with the hearts of stone—
Some who have felt as thou hast felt,
And knelt at shrines which thou hast knelt.

Then why repine, and think the cup
Of misery too deeply drained ?
Why give all future prospects up,
And live in sorrow unrestrained ?
It ought not, and it must not be,
While there is bliss in purity.

It lies in Heaven to recompense,
All that of ill we've suffered here ;
It lies in Heaven to bear us hence,
And silence every needless fear ;
It lies in Heaven to blot the lie,
And pass the shafts of malice by.

THE PACKET SHIP PERDONET.

SHE 's a beautiful ship—and her pennon floats
On the favoring gale ; and joyous notes
From her happy crew, all rise with glee,
Salute the ear melodiously.

She 's a beautiful shiip—and many a prayer
Is breathed to God for his guardian care,
That safe from ill she may plough the main,
And return to her home-bound port again.

She 's a beautiful ship—and now she glides
O'er the peaceful waves, and they wash her sides ;
She fades away in the distant sky,
And the gazer exclaims, Good bye ! good bye !

She 's a beautiful ship, a most beautiful one—
And she 's out on the watery waste alone ;
The ocean reflects her majestic form ;
She strides the billows and mocks the storm.

She 's a beautiful ship—but storms may rise
And tempests darken the cloudless skies,
And o'er her quarter the surges pour,
In one unbroken, remorseless shower.

She 's a beautiful ship—cease, cease to weep,
O'er her shattered hulk in the briny deep !
For gentle breezes shall wast her on,
And she to her destined port shall come ;
And friends long absent in greeting met,
Shall drink a health to the Perdonet.

ALPHEUS AND ARETHUSA.*

As by the ancient poets sung,
Alpheus for Arethusa sighed ;
The river-god, the vales among,
Pursued the wood-nymph for his bride.

Fainting beside a sylvan mount,
The maid besought Diana's aid,
Who turned her to a limpid fount,
Beneath a cooling cypress shade.

The enamored god, not thus repelled,
Mingled with hers his flowing stream,
Where from its mossy banks it welled,
And sparkled in the morning's beam.

Diana then a secret cave
Opened beneath the stormy sea,

* Alpheus was a river, and Arethusa a fountain, in Greece.

And Arethusa's prudish wave
Rose in the isle Ortygia.

Thither the god pursued her on ;
And so it came in after years,
That what in Alpheus' river's thrown,
In Arethusa's fount appears.

NOTE.—“Mythologists state, that whatever is thrown into the Alpheus, in Elis, rises again, after some time, in the fountain Arethusa, near Syracuse.”

Class. Dict.

A WINTER'S DAY IN SPRING.

It snows ! how thick and fast
The feathery whiteness comes showering down ;
The winds are yet asleep—the northern blast
Hath not begun to sound.

Soon will the merry bells, in merry tune,
Glide quickly over valley, hill and plain ;
Unless, perchance, the bright warm sun of noon,
Convert these flakes to rain.

And who would think that each of them enfold
Unequalled beauty—crystals filled with light,
Congealed by winter's piercing, rigorous cold,
Mid heaven's aerial height !

And yet 't is so—they are a congeries
Of perfect forms, stellar, rhomboidal and prismatical,
And each in the most perfect order lies,
When to the earth it falls.

How nice, how delicate must be the power,
That gives them birth and moulds them into shape !
Sometimes they seem a well known tree or flower,
And then some odd fantastic form they take.

The subtle agency that cools the breath,
In glittering spangles on the window glass,
Is doubtless the same power that forms the wreath,
That Art cannot surpass.

But look ! the scene hath changed, and the big drops
Come pattering, mixed with hail ;
And now it snows again—and now it stops,
And counter winds prevail.

The sun will soon break forth from out the scene,
And shine upon the trees encased with ice ;
A dazzling brightness will the earth pervade,
And work some new device.

THE MAGICIAN.

I know the song of “ Hella’s hall,”
 Where the gloomy shadows dwell,
 Where unearthly sights appal,
 And the guests are fiends of hell.

See upon the stormy deep,
 Flocks of restless spectres throng ;
 Now across the earth they sweep—
 O’er brake and bush they glance along.

Now it makes the tide to flow,
 Flooding all the spacious earth ;
 Now the refluent surges go,
 To the caves that gave them birth.

Now the pattering rain descends,
 Mixed with globes of liquid fire ;
 Now the gnarled forest bends,
 Suppliant to my wrathful ire.

Now I raise the voice of war,
Comets blaze and earthquakes rock,
Famine yawns her fangs afar,
Pestilence her keepers mock.

All the seas are turned to gore,
All the air is turned to smoke ;
Never was the like before,
Since Egypt felt the avenging stroke.

Now my blood does cease to flow,
And I feel grim Death's approach ;
Fits of horror seize me now—
Lay me on my resting couch.

NOTE.—The ancient magicians pretended to have the power to raise the dead, control the tides and tempests, regulate the movements of the heavenly bodies, and produce all the grand phenomena of nature, by means of their incantations.

PATRIOTISM OF THE POLES.

God of an injured people's trust,
Solemn before thy throne we stand,
Our bodies soiled with smoke and dust,
In battle for our Father-land ;
God of the dying soldier's prayer,
Witness the oath we jointly swear.

Though by a hypocritic league,
Tyrants and hireling slaves conspire
To conquer us by vile intrigue,
And desolate our homes with fire—
Though toil and strife oppress our souls,
“ We 'll ne'er forget that we are *Poles*.”

And should we still be doomed to bend,
Beneath inhuman Russia's yoke,
O Thou who canst deliverance send,
In tears we do thine aid invoke !

Almighty God ! this boon we crave,
In our own land a patriot's grave.

Grant, grant but this—this one request,
That we may mingle in the fight,
And draw the sword and bare the breast,
And battle for our country's right ;
With blood and carnage glut our souls,
And die—if die we must—like Poles.

'T will help to compensate our wo,
Our altars and our land profaned,
The piercing groans and crimson flow,
By which our fathers' blood was drained,
To *die* before we bend the knee,
And dying know that we are FREE !

GRAVE OF ELIZA WHARTON.

ELIZA ! once a name beloved
By many a heart that 's now in heaven ;
Peace to thy ashes—rest unmoved,
And be thy errors all forgiven.

Thine was a pure and spotless breast,
Before the ruthless spoiler came ;
He, monster ! robbed thee of thy rest,
And cast a shadow o'er thy name.

But though thy sun in sorrow set,
And strangers bore thee to thy tomb,
Long shall thy grave with tears be wet,
And thither sorrowing pilgrims come.

Beauty shall weep so fair a flower,
Plucked by a sacrilegious hand ;
And Sympathy thy fate deplore,
And Pity weeping o'er thee stand.

Night's shadows round thy lowly bed,
Shall softly curtain thy repose ;
And angel bands, with noiseless tread,
Shall visit thee at evening's close.

The wind, with low and plaintive moan,
Shall tell thy tale to coming years ;
And this thy monumental stone,
Indulgent heaven bedew with tears.

Eliza—lovely maid—farewell !
Both they who read and he who sings,
Have need of Charity's kind veil,
And fain would rest 'neath Mercy's wings.

NOTE.—Eliza Wharton, *alias* Elizabeth Whitman, (with whose melancholy and romantic history, it is presumed most of our readers are acquainted,) died in Danvers, Mass., the place of her retreat, and her grave is still to be seen in the burying ground near the road-side, as you pass to Salem. The last time the author visited it, he caught a beautiful butterfly, or moth, having its wings marked with small dark spots, upon her grave-stone ; which, at the time, he could not help fancying the *spirit* of the departed Eliza, again revisiting the scenes of her former sufferings.

LINES WRITTEN FOR A CENTENNIAL
CELEBRATION.

SINCE first upon this templed hill
The gospel's trump was blown,
The Pilgrim band, whose place we fill,
Have disappeared and gone.

We know their valor and their worth ;
We've heard it from our sires,
When seated by the friendly hearth,
Around our household fires.

We of their children who by lot
Have been removed from home,
Unto the old, ancestral spot,
Have now delighted come,

To hear again the story told,
Of what they did and said—

How they endured the winter's cold,
And tears of suffering shed ;

How they poured forth impassioned prayers,
And sang enraptured praise ;
And found relief from all their cares,
In **HIM** of "ancient days."

We come to greet our former friends,
To join the happy throng,
And with the fruits kind nature sends,
The joyous feast prolong.

Then sound the pealing anthem's notes,
And let the chorus swell ;
With grateful hearts and tuneful throats,
We wish our birth-place well.

OF WHAT CAN BLEAK NEW ENGLAND
BOAST ?

SHE boasts a race of hardy sons,
Worthy their virtuous parent stock—
Worthy the bold, adventurous ones,
Who stood on Plymouth rock !

She boasts her heroes—men of trust,
Whose blood was drained in battle's toil,
Whose hearts have mingled with her dust,
And fertilized her soil !

She boasts her forest's verdurous shades,
Majestic rivers, lakes and rocks,
Her boundless prairies, hills and glades—
Her pines and century oaks.

She boasts her upland fertile slopes,
And what the gladsome summer brings ;

Her autumn, with its mellow crops,
And golden gatherings.

But what is more than all combined—
More worthy of the world's applause,
She boasts an independent mind,
A government of laws ;
Where men are free to act and think,
As ocean's waves to rise and sink.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE FIRST LEAF OF
A NEW ALBUM.

SUCH is the human mind at being's dawn,
A spotless page, unsoiled, unwritten on ;
Yet fitted for the touch of angel's pen,
And angel inspiration—a scroll to
Be inscribed with glowing thoughts and tender
Ecstasies, or with the darker characters
Of vice.

May yours, my friend, as now, be ever pure,
And filled with ample store of learning's wealth,
And these bright pages be its counterpart.

DORCHESTER HEIGHTS.

A FANCY SKETCH.

“They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth,
Of glorious parents, thou aspiring child.”

SHELLEY.

I STOOD upon the lofty height ;
Around me all was loveliness,
For she was there, my fond delight,
The beauteous Mary S.

We stood upon the battle ground,
Where once the brazen tocsin rung ;
And near us was the battle mound,
By hand of warrior flung.

Neat villages and village spires
Beneath us, in the distance lie,
And the broad sun’s declining fires
Empurpled all the sky.

Behind us, with its pomp and din,
The city lie, in sable smoke ;
And from its hollow vaults of sin,
A distant murmur broke.

Upon the left, far out at sea,
And in the island-spotted bay,
Rich barges floated leisurely,
With pennons bright and gay.

There stood I with my angel queen—
Absorbed in silent thought I stood,
And shared with her the joyous scene,
Of grove and swelling flood ;
And shared with her in equal part,
The frantic swellings of the heart.

THE RAILROAD JOURNEY.

PILE on wood and pour in water,
 Make the engine's furnace glow ;
 With the swift cars rumbling after,
 Soon you 'll hear it puff and blow.

Clitter clatter, clitter clatter,
 Pile on wood and pour in water.

Quick they 're off—put on your baggage,
 Get your ticket, pay your fare ;
 Motley mass of men and luggage ;
 Of your pocket-book take care.

Now be seated—how they hurry !
 Crowds on crowds come rushing in ;
 Now the bell rings—now the cars move—
 Now our journey doth begin.

To your stations, calm and steady—
 Each man to his post repair ;

Ever vigilant and ready—
Guide with skill the rapid car.

Fly the fences, herds and tillage,
Like the steam, or viewless wind ;
See ! the city, town and village,
In a trice are left behind.

List ! what direful sound, alarming,
Piercing, greets the trembling ear ?
Of some danger giving warning—
The steam-whistle, shrill and clear.
Clitter clatter, clitter clatter,
Slow the cars come rumbling after.

The danger's past—again the cars move ;
Hills and trees and valleys fly ;
At the windows, by the road sides,
Gazing stand the passers by.

Clitter clatter, clitter clatter,
Over swamps and fens we go ;
Over bridges, over ledges,
Mud and mire, and ice and snow.

Clitter clatter, clitter clatter,
Thundering on with awful power ;
From the smoke-pipe and the furnace,
Fly the sparks, a dazzling shower.

Howls without the raging tempest,
In the cars we're dry and warm ;
What a glorious way to travel !
'T is perfection to a charm.

Hark ! again I hear the bell ring ;
Now our journey's at an end ;
With your comrades from the cars spring ;
To your baggage quick attend.
Men and boys are ready, waiting,
Every wished for aid to lend.

PRESENCE OF DEPARTED FRIENDS.

"Think ye that they, our soul's beloved,
 Who pass like light away,
 Do see no more the sunny spots,
 Where once their foot-prints lay ?
 It is not so ! I tell thee, friend,
 There 's not a breeze that blows,
 But on its wings, though all unheard,
 Their music language flows :
 There 's not a zephyr fans thy cheek,
 But bears some wing along ;
 And they are nearest to thy side,
 Whose love hath been most strong."

Anon.

WHEN night upon the earth comes down,
 And shadows round us spread,
 Methinks I see their airy forms,
 In visions round my bed.
 They come at evening's purple close,
 At morning's rosy hour ;
 They dwell in every breeze that blows,
 In every fragrant flower.

Sometimes my fancy paints a scene,
 All beautiful to view—

A scene of gorgeous sunset clouds,
With vistas opening through,
Where cherubims with lifted wings,
Melodious numbers play,
And strike their harps of "golden strings,"
Mid realms of endless day.

And there, methinks their spirits dwell,
Enrobed with light and love ;
While each their Saviour's praises tell,
To listening worlds above ;
And o'er the earth, and o'er the skies,
The anthem rolls along ;
And heaven with choral symphonies,
Re-echoes back the song.

Sometimes when Beauty's magic power,
Earth's grossness mantles o'er,
Borne on its strong, enchanting spell,
My spirit seems to soar,
To hold sweet intercourse with those
I've loved and cherished here—
On, on through boundless realms of space,
By many a burning star.

Then is it not a sober truth,
That those who dwell with God,
Again revisit earthly scenes,
Where once their footsteps trod?
“That not a zephyr fans thy cheek,
But bears some wing along;
And they are nearest to thy side,
Whose love hath been most strong?”

HYMN OF THANKSGIVING TO GOD.

PARENT of Good ! Omniscient Cause !

By whatsoever name adored—
We bless the precepts of thy Word,
And hail thee, Universal Lord !

O'er all the earth thy glory shines,
On leaf and bud, and flower and stem ;
Thy goodness watches over man,
And thy right arm protecteth him.

Unnumbered centuries as they roll,
Sum up the total of thy years ;
Thy kingdom spreads from pole to pole,
And heaven and earth thy impress bears.

Parent of Good ! around thy throne
Bright seraphims with star-wrought wing,
Bow down before the God of love,
And own thee, Universal King.

And on, as myriad ages glide,
Our hope, our trust to Thee is given ;
Direct, O Lord ! our erring steps,
And take thy children home to heaven.

NOTES.

THE SCALDER, OR CELTIC BARD.

Page 267.

AMONG the ancient Celtic and Gothic nations, poets were termed Scalds, or polishers of language.

According to the Northern Mythology, (as we are told in the Edda, the oldest work on Icelandic antiquities extant,) “there existed in the beginning of time, and before the formation of our earth, three places; to wit, the Frozen North, consisting of huge masses of ice—the World of Flame, lying at the south, and inhabited only by evil Genii—and the Abyss, situated between them, from which latter place proceeded the earth.”

“Many winters before the earth was made, (continues the Edda,) Neifheim, or Hell, was formed, in the middle of which is a fountain named Hvergelmer, and from it ran the following rivers, Anguish, The Enemy of Joy, The Abode of Death, Perdition, The Gulph, The Tempest, The Whirlwind, The Bellowing and Howling, The Abyss and The Roaring, that ran near the gates of the abode of Death.”

“A race of Giants existed before the formation of the earth. These Giants, the ‘Sons of Bore,’ or the

Gods, slew ; and from the body of Ymer, who was one of them, they formed the earth. The sea was made of his blood, the mountains of his bones, the rocks of his teeth, and the heavens of his skull."

Odin was the creator of all things—the father of gods and men. Frea, or the Earth, was the goddess of Beauty, and the wife and daughter of Odin. The phrase, ‘Odin espousing the hand of Frea,’ means, the union of spirit with matter, in the creation of inferior intelligences and men.

“*Asgard’s Palace.*”—This was the place where the gods took counsel together, and is represented as being built entirely of gold.

“*The Irised Way,*” or the rainbow.—Supposed to be the road by which the pious enter heaven, and the gods visit the earth.

“After the gods had finished Asgard’s Palace, (continues the Edda,) they built two other places, Gladheim, or the mansion of Joy, and Vinglod, or the mansion of Love and Friendship.”

“*The ash Idrasil.*”—This was the tree under which the gods assemble to administer justice. “It has three roots, (says the Edda.) The first covers Neiflheim, or Hell; the second, the springs of Wisdom and Prudence; and the third, the holy fountain of Time Past. Its branches extend themselves over the whole world, and reach above the heavens. An eagle sits upon its top.”

“*Gimle, and the Boundless Blue.*”—Names given to heaven by the Gothic and Celtic nations.

“*The god of battles and of strength.*”—This was Thor. He was the principal intelligence proceeding

from the union of Deity with matter. He possessed a mace, or club, with which he contended with the Giants of the frost and of the mountains; the “ belt of prowess,” that had the quality of doubling his strength whenever he put it on, and gauntlets, or gloves of iron, which he always wore when he grasped his mace. He launched the thunder and controlled the tempest.

“ *The gods of eloquence and song.*”—Balder was the god of Eloquence, and Brage the god of Poetry. They are both represented as being extremely beautiful.

“ *Genii of the pitchy lake.*”—There are powers, (says the Edda,) within the earth, hostile to its existence, and which will one day be the cause of its destruction. These are termed Dwarfs, Genii of the pitchy lake, Black Genii, &c.

“ *The halls of Hella.*”—According to the Edda, Hella, or Death, was the daughter of Loke, or Lok, by the giantess Angerbode, or messenger of ill. She was hurled by the gods into Neiflheim, or Hell, where she had the government of nine worlds assigned her. Grief was her hall, Famine her table, Hunger her knife, Delay her varlet, Slackness her maid, Sickness and Pain her bed, and her curtains Cursing and Howling. The one half of her body was blue, and the other half red.

“ *Ambrosia, hydromel,*” &c.—The food and drink of the gods.

“ *And to the death of Schulda,*” &c.—Schulda, or the Future, was one of the Three Sisters, or Fates. The names of the other two were Urda, or the Past, and Verdandi, or the Future.

"The twilight of the earth," &c.—According to the Edda, the final consummation of all things is to be ushered in with the most terrific imagery. It is to be preceded by twice three continuous, desolating winters; discord and war are to spread through the whole globe; the ties of consanguinity are to be forgotten, and men are to become the murderers of their own parents. The ship Naglifara, built of dead men's bones, is to be set on float; the evil Genii of the South to be unloosed, and suffered to break down the bridge Bifrost, or Rainbow, that leads to heaven; the sun and the stars are to be darkened, and the earth submerged in the sea; and lastly, Odin's Hall, or heaven, together with the earth and all things therein, are to be consumed by fire.

ERRATA.

Page 36, line 18 from top, for "note,"	read notes.
" 52, " 20	" To the realms," " To realms.
" 54, " 2	" wants," " want.
" 80, " 3	" power and majesty," majesty and might.
" 90, " 12	" zone," " zones.
" 156, " 1	" of ethereal," " of the ethereal.
" 165, " 1	" thoughts," " thought.
" 178, " 9	" This," " His.
" 211, " 5	" fire," " fires.
" 225, " 7	" flowerets," " flowerets.
" 263, " 19	" meadow," " meadows.
" 284, " 1	" Wierland," " Wieland.





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